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OCTOBER

25c

Laura

La Plante

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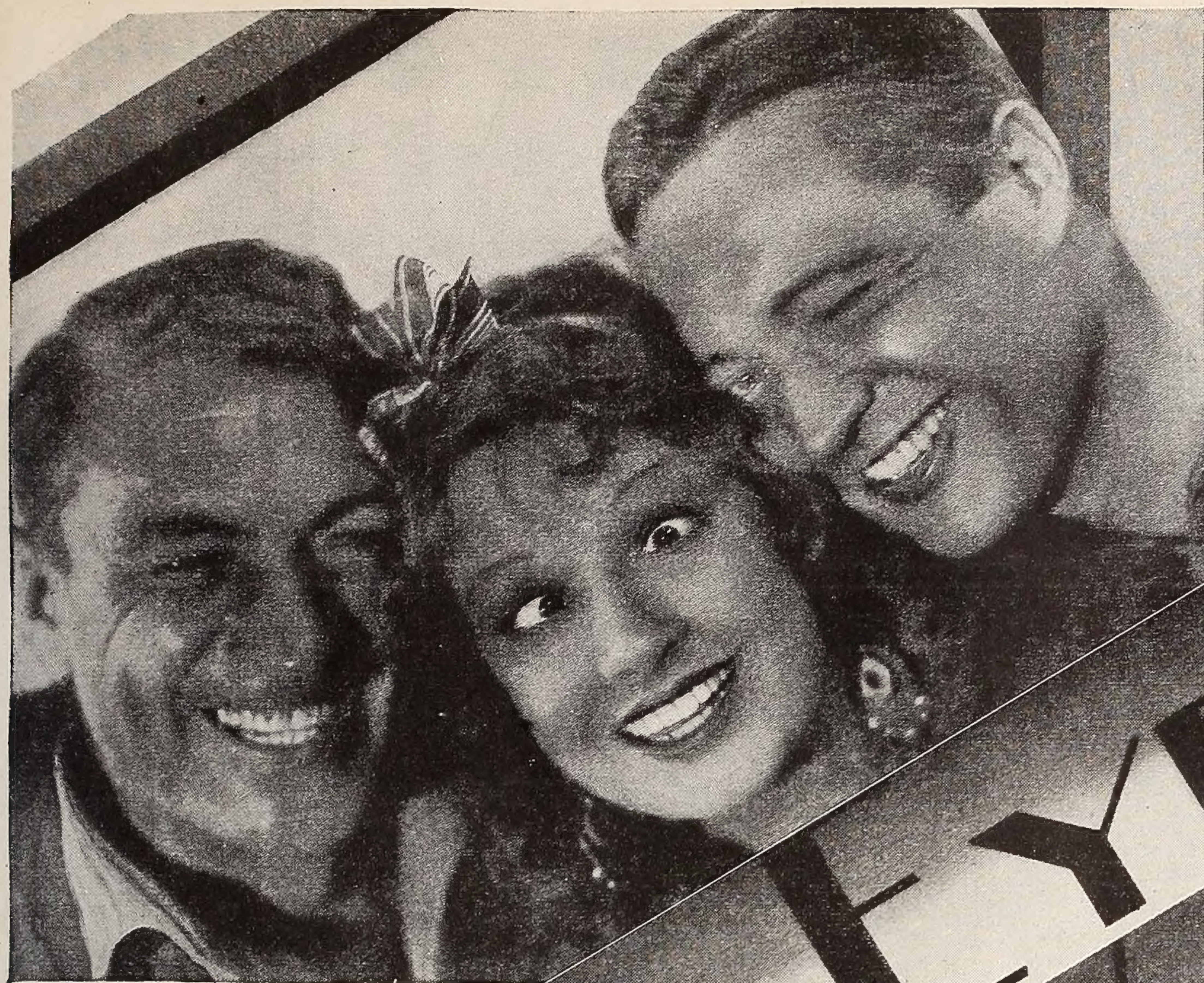
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SCREENLAND

Delight Evans, Editor

October, 1929

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Charles Sheldon, the famous portrait painter, is the artist who has so successfully captured the charm of Miss Laura La Plante on this month's cover of SCREENLAND. It is Laura to the life!

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Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc. Executive and Editorial offices: 49 West 45th Street, New York City. William Galland, President; Joseph M. Hopkins, Vice-President; C. B. Mantel, Secretary. Frank J. Carroll, Art Director. Yearly subscriptions \$2.50 in the United States, its de-

pendencies, Cuba and Mexico; \$3.00 in Canada; foreign, \$3.50. Entered as second-class matter November 30, 1923, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Dunellen, N. J. Copyright 1929.

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No.
6

Now HEAR Harold Lloyd in his first talking picture!

You'd think he couldn't possibly be any funnier, but you'll *hear* he is when you see him in "Welcome Danger," his first sound and dialog picture. *Twice* the laughs than ever before, if you can imagine *that*! ¶ You'll be all eyes and ears when you see it—it has laughs, thrills, romance, youth, gayety, *everything*! And what a treat for the children—more fun than a three-ringed circus. ¶ Don't miss seeing and hearing Harold Lloyd in "Welcome Danger" when it comes to your theatre. You'll laugh at every minute of it, and it will give you something to talk about for weeks after!



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RUTH TAYLOR PARAMOUNT STAR



A Fan's-Eye View of Coming Films

Our Forecaster
at her post,
poised for duty!

By Evelyn Ballarine

LET'S look over the movie menu for this month. Ummm—the big revues the producers are making look good! Fox Movietone touched on this vogue lightly, very lightly, compared with the new revues, with the "Fox Movietone Follies," with such names as Sue Carol, David Rollins, Sharon Lynn, Lola Lane and Stepin Fetchit in one picture. Lois Moran and Helen Twelvetrees were in the "Follies" before it was cut. Their work was so good that their part of the film is being revamped and will be served to you as "Words and Music."

Next, Metro-Goldwyn put on the "Hollywood Revue of 1929" and wowed 'em. John Gilbert and Norma Shearer pulling a "Romeo and Juliet," with Billy Haines, Polly Moran, Marie Dressler and Bessie Love clowning just had to be good!

Warner Brothers are preparing "The Show of Shows" and from the lineup it looks as if it will be just that. They are signing the big names of the stage and screen; in fact, it is said there are forty-two notables signed for "The Show of

Shows," including John Barrymore, the Costello sisters, Dolores and Helene, Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day, Marceline and Alice Day, Ann Pennington, and of course Al Jolson.

And now Paramount has announced it intends to stage a grand revue. We will probably see Clara Bow, Buddy Rogers, Mary Brian, Richard Arlen, Esther Ralston, Clive Brook, Fay Wray, George Bancroft, Evelyn Brent and Maurice Chevalier in one picture! It would be most interesting to see Clara Bow and Maurice Chevalier in a skit together! It is rumored that United Artists intends to make a revue too—but don't hold it against us if they don't come through. Imagine Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Gloria Swanson, Norma Talmadge, Gilbert Roland, Lupe Velez, Ronald Colman, Dolores Del Rio, Chester Morris and Charlie Chaplin—all at once!

John Boles seems to be the Boy Friend of the moment since he sheiked his way through "The Desert Song." He's making "Rio Rita" with Bebe Daniels for Radio Pictures



A new boy in town! Senor Don Jose Mojica of the Chicago Grand Opera Company will be seen and heard in Movietones.



And a new girl! Pretty Mae Clarke appears opposite Lee Tracy in "Big Time." She is!

and has been borrowed by Universal for the lead in "La Marseillaise."

If you've missed seeing Gareth Hughes, Grace Cunard, Alice Lake, Francis Ford and Olive Tell you can thank the talkies because they are all back, with sound. Gareth Hughes, whom you must remember in "Sentimental Tommy," is making a comeback in Leo Carrillo's first talkie, "Mr. Antonio." Virginia Valli has the feminine lead in this picture for Tiffany-Stahl. Watch for Grace Cunard, pioneer serial queen, in Joan Crawford's first talkie, "Jungle." Alice Lake will be in Lenore Ulric's first talkie, "Frozen Justice." Olive Tell was in "The Trial of Mary Dugan," and has just completed a rôle in "The Very Idea," for Radio Pictures. Francis Ford makes his talkie debut in "The Jade Box," for Universal. Pauline Frederick had a contract with Warner Brothers. She made "On Trial" for that company and is now at work on "Evidence."

Vilma Banky is making as her next talkie "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter." It's the same film Florence Vidor and Adolphe made silently not so long ago. Vilma can keep her charming accent in the rôle of the grand duchess. Harry d'Arrast, who directed many of Adolphe Menjou's sophisticated comedies, will direct this picture.

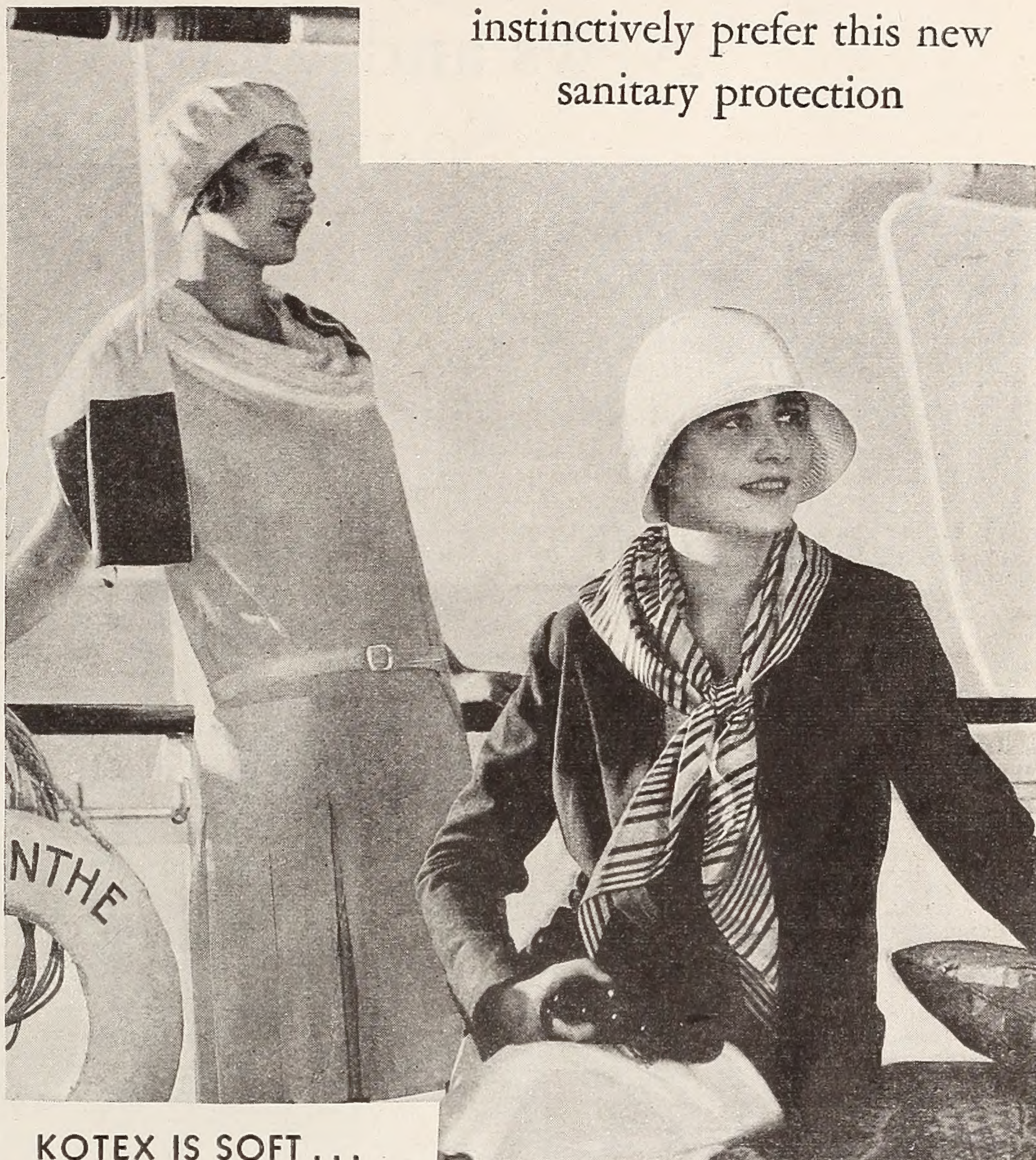
Ruth Chatterton is scheduled to do "Zaza" for Paramount. Gloria Swanson made a silent version of "Zaza" a few years ago for the same company. John Cromwell, former stage director, will wield the megaphone for this film.

Joan Bennett has been selected as Harry Richman's leading lady in his first talking picture for United Artists. Yes, Harry is the chap reported engaged to Clara Bow. Irving Berlin has written the Richman screen story and eight songs. It is tentatively called "The Song of Broadway."

This Joan Bennett has made a sensational success in pictures. She has only been in Hollywood a few months.

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LOT TALK

News and Views from the Sound Studios

WHAT was hailed by a specially invited audience as another revolutionary development in motion pictures, comparable to the advent of dialog films, was a demonstration by the Paramount Famous Lasky Corporation at the Rivoli Theater in New York, of the Paramount Magnafilm, which threw a picture on the screen that filled the entire width of the stage and for the first time gave proof that the efforts of scientists to develop commercial stereoscopic pictures were near fruition.

The demonstration, which included scenes of the seashore and a country road, as well as a four-reel talking and singing feature, lasted for more than an hour, and was attended by an audience of three hundred publishers, editors, bankers, scientists and motion picture executives.

The pictures, photographed on fifty-six millimeter film, were projected on a screen forty feet wide and twenty feet high. Standard film is thirty-five millimeters and the normal size of a picture shown on the regular screen at the Rivoli is seventeen feet, four inches wide and thirteen feet, six inches high.

This demonstration of Paramount Magnafilm climaxed experiments which were begun fifteen years ago by Adolph Zukor at the old Twenty-Sixth Street studio of the Famous Players Company. In 1914 Mr. Zukor and Edwin S. Porter, now consulting engineer for the International Projecting Company, began experiments toward stereoscopic effects on the screen with the view to eventually developing a wide film which would give greater depth of focus than the regular film in use.

The results of the experiment were burned in the fire that destroyed the studio in 1915. The exigencies of the situation at the time forced Mr. Zukor to give up, tem-

porarily, his plans for the development of a wide film that would give a full stage picture. However, Mr. Zukor did not give up his dream that some day he would be able to show motion pictures on a wide screen which would give greater stereoscopic values than those obtained in the present 35 mm. film. Now he has realized the fulfillment of his plans made fifteen years ago.

Public attention was focused on the increased entertainment value of the large screen on the night of December 6, 1926, when Paramount introduced the Magnascope in connection with the showing of "Old Ironsides." The effect on the audience at the premiere of that picture was electrifying when suddenly the screen filled

studios in Hollywood and New York. Just as they were perfecting their cameras and lenses for this wide film the new element of sound projected itself into the picture. This brought forth an entirely new problem. To meet this Mr. Zukor had Mr. Del Riccio equip a new laboratory across the street from the Paramount studio in Astoria, L. I., and there for the last two years he has been perfecting the Magnafilm.

Wide film in itself is not new, having been used 33 years ago, but Paramount Magnafilm is the first wide film to be developed along commercially practical lines.

* * *

A wide film was shown to the public for the first time in New York in 1896

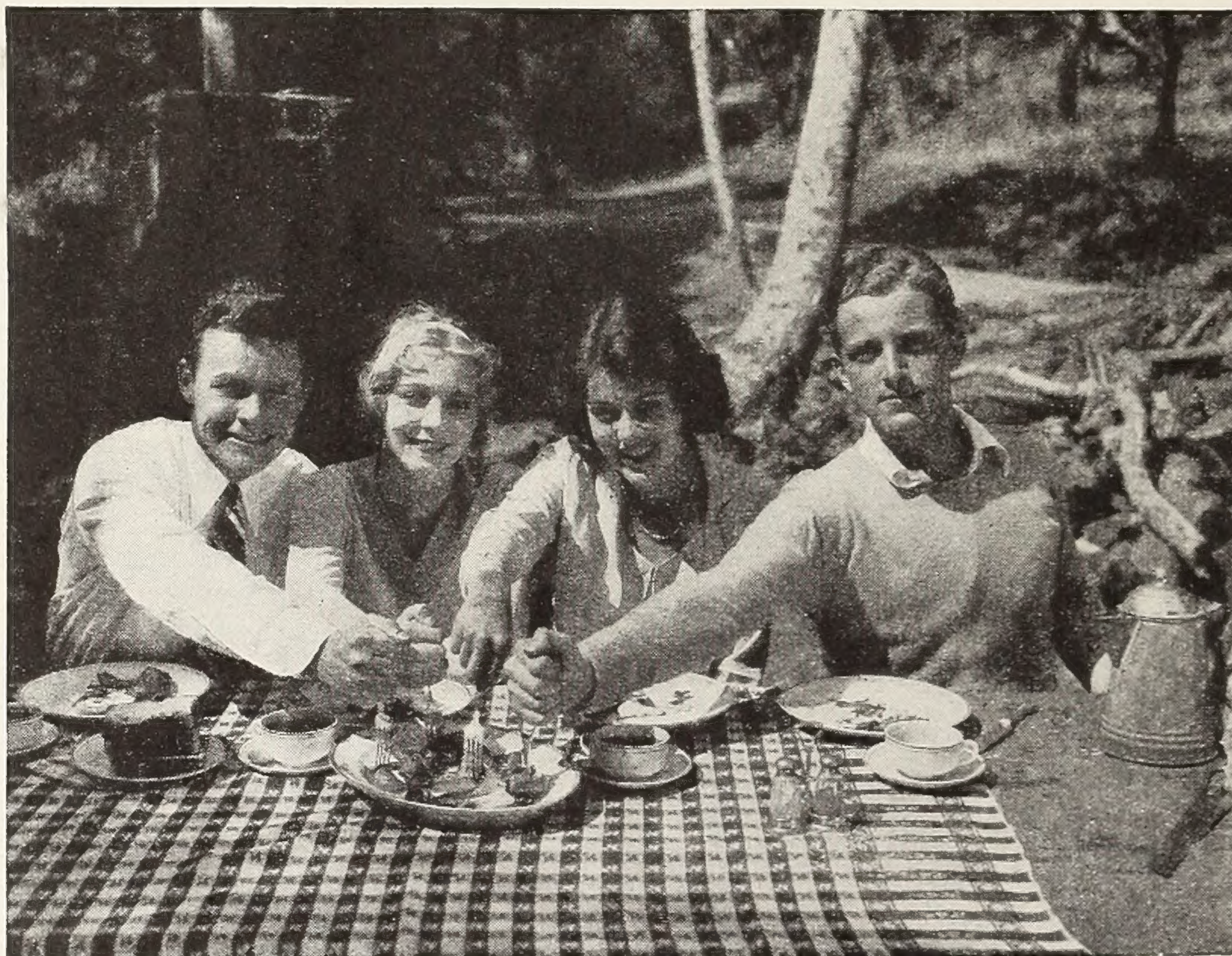
when Professor Latham projected film two inches wide by three-quarters of an inch high at the old Daly Theater, Broadway and Twenty-Eighth St., according to Mr. Porter. Also the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight at Carson City and the Palmer-McGovern fight at Tuckahoe in 1898 were photographed on wide film but on account of the special machines that had to be built none of these earlier experiments were commercially successful.

Being mindful of these aspects to the early work on wide film Mr. Zukor set down three points to be given first consideration by Mr. Del Riccio in his experiments.

First — There must be no change in sound equipment through the

use of wide film; second, the screen must not be so high that the balcony in the average theater would cut off the view of the top of the screen; and third, the change in projection equipment should be kept in minimum so that the use of wide film would not put an expensive burden on the exhibitor.

With these stipulations in mind Mr. Del



Every man for himself! Frank Ross, Virginia Bruce, Lillian Roth and Phillips Holmes lunching while on location.

the entire stage width. The increased size of the picture through Magnascope was obtained by the use of magnifying lenses and from an increased film width. It was then that Mr. Zukor had Lorenzo Del Riccio, who invented the Magnascope, begin intensive work on wide film.

Work was carried on by Mr. Del Riccio and a staff of assistants at the Paramount



Pert Dorothy Lee, formerly of the stage, now broadcasting her talents via Radio Pictures.

Riccio developed Magnafilm. It is 56 mm. wide and 19½ mm. high. The sound track is on the film the same as on the standard size film. The projection equipment has been so built that it can be put on the standard projection machine in five minutes and can be adjusted to throw a picture on the screen that will fit the special requirements of the individual theater.

Magnafilm will introduce an entirely new technique in the direction of motion pictures, according to Mr. Del Riccio, who explained that with this new medium the director will now be able to complete action within the angle of the lens, which, heretofore he has had to show on the screen by resorting to different cuts in his action and in unusual photographic angles.

"While in many instances angles have enhanced the photographic value of the picture and have added a certain amount of atmosphere, the break in the action has had its effect upon the attention of the audience," Mr. Del Riccio said. "With Magnafilm the director will be able to complete his action without breaks which will be especially valuable in musical pictures where the additional screen area is of great value in picturing ensemble numbers."

* * *

When is a sound not a sound?

When it doesn't sound like a sound is the answer that will be given you by David Forest, one of Hollywood's ace recording engineers.

A three-legged stool hit Douglas Fairbanks on the head. That was Forest's problem.

It all came about when the action called for the hurling of said three-legged stool by Miss Pickford, to land on Doug's head with the noise naturally given out by a well-bred stool landing upon a gentleman's head.

The stool was hurled. The stool found its mark. It was recorded by the sound machine. And it was played back for the benefit of Director Sam Taylor. The impact sounded like—well, like almost anything else in the world but the sound of wood against head!

Despite the pleadings of the battered Doug, the scene was made and remade,

followed by frenzied conferences on the part of the director and the engineers.

Finally, Fairbanks, with his head tingling, settled the matter.

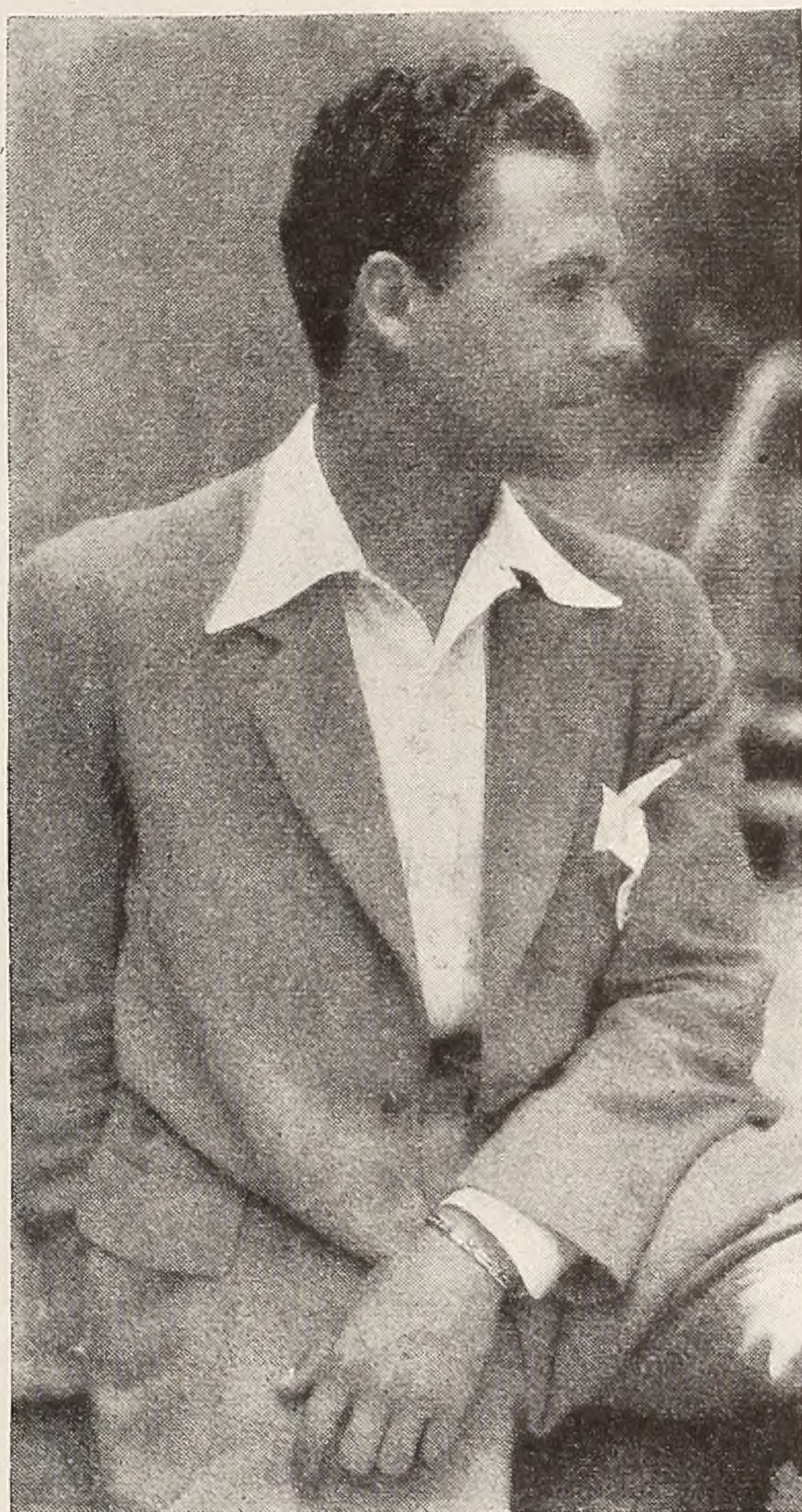
"Believe it or not," he said, "the noise we heard in the playback is the sound of stool hitting head whether it sounds like it or not and that is the way it is going to stay." So, when you hear the impact in "Taming of the Shrew" you'll know it is the real thing. Fairbanks, who owns the head, will testify to that!

* * *

How contagious is a hearty laugh?

Studio officials are wondering, for a clever director, Millard Webb, is spending a huge sum of money to find out.

The night club set in "Broadway Hostess," starring Billie Dove, employed five hundred extras. Webb introduced the idea of laughter as it has never been used before. All five hundred extras, with the leading players joining in, laughed together until the set rocked with the swaying bodies.



Scott Kolk, who was discovered by Marion Davies. You'll see him in "Marianne."

Howls and shrieks of merriment filled the air.

Director Webb refused to tell what they laughed at—that will be divulged when the picture is shown to the public. Anyone envying an extra should have peeped on that set, when the thermometer registered 90 outside, and much more within the closed walls. Crowds of people pushed and jammed. Make-up streamed down perspiring faces—but they laughed and laughed. That is what they are paid for in Hollywood—laughing and crying and working!

* * *

Like the stokers in the bowels of a man-o'-war during battle, the 'juicers' are the real heroes, unhonored and unsung, of the new technicolor motion pictures.

The 'juicers' are the electricians who

man the hundreds of lights used in the making of color pictures. These color films require twice the ordinary number of lamps, and the heat they radiate is terrific.

High up in the rafters of the airless, windowless sound stages sit the 'juicers' at their lamps. They cannot leave their place of duty, for they may be called upon at any moment.

After each scene the doors are thrown open, the wind machines started and the actors and technicians on the floor permitted to rush out into the fresh air. But the electrician on his high perch stays put, high out of reach of the fresh breezes at the open doors, and in a temperature that oftentimes reaches 125 degrees!

Ice water is sent up to them by means of buckets, raised by ropes from the overhead rafters. The men come down only once during the day at lunch time. For the remainder of the day they are practically prisoners in an oven—all for their art!

At First National-Vitaphone Studios in Burbank, California, several Technicolor pictures are now in the process of production. All are using immense sets, with hundreds of extra people, and as a consequence millions of candle power to light the wide expanse covered by the cameras is required.

"Footlights and Fools," a story of theatrical life starring Colleen Moore, has color sequences on which more than fifty electricians were required to man the thousand or more lights used.

"Sally," starring Marilyn Miller, has a set representing a garden cafe, which covers more than two acres, taking up the entire floor space of the studio's biggest stage. When Miss Miller finished her dance number on this set one day this week, the thermometer actually registered 125 degrees on the floor of the stage. Up in the 'juicers' heaven' it was even hotter.

On the sets of "Paris," starring Irene Bordoni, the famous French chanteuse, it was necessary to halt the action several times in order to permit the ballet girls to go out into the fresh air before resuming their dances. But the electricians stuck it out without a murmur.



Barbara Leonard is under contract to Universal. She is at work on "The Drake Case" in which she plays a flippy flapper.



A young lady traveler in the old days had her troubles, as Dorothy Sebastian illustrates.



The modern girl weighs in for an air trip while the pilot figures up the excess baggage.

While the ballet master may exhort his girls to 'get hot' in their dance numbers, and the orchestra director frequently charges his men to 'warm it up' in a jazzy strain, the head electrician never has to resort to such encouragement. For the 'juicers' in these days of Technicolor are always hot!

* * *

Football honors may have inclined Westward a bit last season, but Broadway chorus girls, in Hollywood to glorify themselves and the American cinema, took away all honors in high kicking recently.

The contest was held between the mighty U. S. C. football team of last year, which is playing in a First National-Vitaphone gridiron film called "The Forward Pass," and forty-eight shapely chorines under contract to the same studio.

The chorus girls kicked two feet, two inches above their heads, on an average. The football team, consisting of the eleven and five substitutes, kicked only one foot ten inches above the head.

The highest chorus kick was two feet, eight inches, accomplished by an acrobatic dancer, Florine Dalzell. The top kick by a pigskin warrior was Jeff Cravath's two feet, one inch. A special measuring device used in testing chorus kicking was utilized. It registers the elevation of head and toe simultaneously.

* * *

The art of kissing for the motion picture love scene has changed since the coming of the talking film, according to Leatrice Joy. In the silent days, some of the accomplished kissers of the screen mingled

souls in long, involved contests that seemed, Miss Joy declares, to have been gustatory instead of osculatory! Now, thanks to the screen's new dimension, sound, the kiss has changed character. It must be more artful. It mustn't sound like a fat man with a walrus moustache drinking soup, nor yet like the smack of a wet towel, nor yet—but, after all, who can describe music in prose?

It must be seen and heard to be appreciated, Miss Joy declares. It will sound the knell of the old silent screen kisses which brought fame to various matinee idols and cinema vamps. In fact, stage experience in kissing may be needed! Then there will be the auditory possibilities of the comedy kiss, the bashful peck—not practical on the stage because subtleties of sound could not reach the man in the back row, but quite practicable for the sound close-ups given by the microphone.

Walter Pidgeon is the fortunate young man who will help Miss Joy demonstrate 'sound film kissing' in her first starring vehicle since her return from the vaudeville stage, "A Most Immoral Lady."

* * *

Accent problems can't be overlooked in a talking motion picture. For the all-dialog picturization of "The Virginian" Gary Cooper had to acquire a westernized accent. Mary Brian was forced to forget the soft drawl of the south. Walter Huston had to replace a cultured New York attorney's inflections with those of an early Wyoming cattle rustler and Richard Arlen had to forget the intonations of the circus

performer for those of the cowboy. Cooper's problem was the most difficult. An orthodox Dixie drawl had to be tempered with the inflections of cattle-land as the character he portrays had lived on the open range of the West after leaving his native Virginia. As Charles Rogers' leading woman in "River of Romance" Miss Brian portrayed a southern girl and had merely to revive her own Texas drawl for the part. Without a day's delay after finishing that rôle she shepped into the character of Molly Wood, a girl from Vermont, in "The Virginian." Huston had just completed his part as a Park Avenue attorney in "The Lady Lies" when he was cast as Trampas in the Owen Wister production. The width of a continent and a gap of forty-nine years had to be bridged in his manner of speech. Arlen was a circus tight-wire walker in Clara Bow's "Dangerous Curves" before he donned chaps and spurs for the part of Steve in "The Virginian."

Victor Fleming, the director, had the biggest problem. He had to guard against momentary lapses on the part of any of his players!

* * *

Have you a little kinkajou in your family? A kinkajou is a nocturnal, arboreal, prehensile-tailed carnivorous mammal of tropical America. It reaches three feet in length and is easily tamed, but mighty hard to find when you want one.

Hollywood's market in kinkajous is bullish today, following a week's search on the part of a Radio Pictures property man for one of the little pets.

It all started when Luther Reed drank coffee for dinner one night. It kept him awake. And in the dark hours before dawn he had an idea—an idea that subsequently brought grief to the property department.

Be it known that in "Rio Rita," the all-musical, all-talking film from the Ziegfeld hit, there is a dance called the *Kinkajou*. Reed had stopped counting sheep in his effort to get to sleep that night of the coffee orgy and had begun counting chorus girls. That led to his thinking of the *kinkajou* and in turn to the idea.

The idea, now current on the 'wanted' bulletin board, is to have a real live *kinkajou* led around by one of Pearl Eaton's dancers in the number. Have you a little *kinkajou* in your home? A *kinkajou* is a nocturnal—well, never mind. We'll 'phone the zoo!

* * *

Let the average girl dress to suit her personality, says Norma Talmadge, and she will increase her attractiveness a thousand per cent. Norma feels that too many young women wear the sort of clothes that look attractive on others.

"And they overlook the fact," says Miss Talmadge, "that what may appear smart on one person is ludicrous and unsuitable on themselves.

"I would recommend that every girl study her personality and dress accordingly. It isn't hard to do."

Miss Talmadge feels that gaudiness as it applies to wearing apparel is a thing of the

past. Colors, she feels, accentuate bad lines and advertise them blatantly.

"To the girl who is uncertain what to wear, I should say this: Wear simple clothes. They are always smart, and what is better, always correct.

"As to coloring, I believe that neutral tints such as tans and beiges are the best. Naturally, the fact must not be lost sight of that coloring should also fit the personality. Some persons look best in black, others in mauves. That again is a matter of study."

Miss Talmadge is recognized as one of the best dressed women in the screen colony. She has made the scientific study of what to wear, and how to wear it one of her foremost hobbies. She believes that the greatest individuality can be expressed in garments that have the good taste of plainness. The really smart women, she contends, has a mania against frills and decorative effects.

* * *

In evolving a new technique for talking pictures, producers are gradually eliminating dialog and restricting it to the essentials of plot and character development, according to Monta Bell, producer-director at the Paramount Long Island studio, who pointed out that at first dialog ran approximately a word to a foot of film. Now it has been reduced to about one-half word a foot.

"At the beginning of this new era of screen entertainment everyone thought that as much dialog as possible should be cramped into a picture," explained Mr. Bell,

"and naturally the technique of the stage predominated. All producers were aware that this was not the ideal way to make talking pictures, but experiments had to be made, since there was no formula to follow. It was not long, however, until it was found that more action and less words were required for the proper balance in talking pictures.

As examples of the newer form for talking pictures, Mr. Bell pointed to "Glorifying the American Girl," which has just been completed at the Paramount Long Island studio and "Applause," Rouben Mamoulian's first screen effort now in production. In these two talking and singing pictures the scripts have called for a minimum of dialog. Action and stage business done in pantomime and following the technique of the motion picture make a greater proportion of the picture.

Refinements of this formula will bring producers to the proper form for talking pictures, Mr. Bell believes.

* * *

Frances Grant, who is dancing in the front row of the "Sally" chorus, isn't there just because she is pretty and a good dancer. She's there because she is a walking 'dance library' and can remember every step she ever learned!

She is first aid to the memory of Larry Ceballos, famous New York dance director, who is in charge of the dancing numbers for "Sally," which stars Marilyn Miller. Miss Grant has been with Ceballos for several years, and would still be in New



The latest *Romeo and Juliet* of the screen are John Gilbert and Norma Shearer, who, under Lionel Barrymore's direction, play several scenes from Shakespeare for the M-G-M "Hollywood Revue of 1929."

York had he not 'gone Hollywood' several years ago.

When he wants to know the opening number in the Follies of 1925, Frances can dance the number through for him. On any other he cares to call for. "My feet remember, not my head," said Frances. "They never forget a routine. It's easy, I don't know why."

As long as Ceballos has a chorus Frances will have a job—unless her feet start to forget!

John Loder, young English actor who plays an important rôle in "Her Private Affairs," Pathé's all-dialog production based on Leo Urvantsov's story "The Right to Kill," is one screen player who has more than a passing acquaintance with royalty. While a student at Eton, the noted English school, Loder was a classmate of Prince Henry, fourth son of the English King. A warm friendship grew up between the two young men, and when the Prince of Wales arrived to visit his younger brother, Loder was among the Eton students to meet England's most popular young man.

Several years later John, then Captain Loder of His Majesty's Army, was seeing service in Egypt during a visit of the British Heir Apparent to the regions about the Nile. The two young men chanced to meet one afternoon, and the Prince stopped the young captain.

"Haven't I met you before?" he asked. Loder replied in the affirmative, and recalled the Eton incident. The Prince of Wales continued to stand for some minutes in the hot Egyptian sun, chatting with his brother's friend.

"A small incident indicative of his fine simplicity," Loder describes it, waxing eloquent about how human and 'regular' are the Prince of Wales, Prince Henry and Prince George, another member of the royal family whom Loder met when the third son of King George visited California some months ago during a world cruise with a British battleship.

"Her Private Affairs" is the third American talking picture played in by Loder, who resigned his army commission several years ago to appear first in German and then in English films.

Eight sure ways of losing a husband's love were outlined today by Ruth Chatterton, former stage star and now a popular addition to Hollywood's ranks of celebrities.

Miss Chatterton classifies the marital errors of wives in this order:

1. The watching type of woman who constantly suspects her husband's motives and turns his pockets inside out to find evidence of philandering.

2. The "how dare you flick cigar ashes!" woman who inspires a man to seek any place



Eddie Phillips, popular 'villain' of "The Collegians" series, will soon be seen in "Road Show," with Bessie Love and Charles King.

where he can loll in positive disorder.

3. The "why don't you?" wife who knows more about her husband's business than he does. She has a sister, the "why aren't you?" woman who can't understand why Jim can make piles of money while her husband struggles along for a living.

4. The "Well, I'm safely married now" type who lets her face become a series of chins and her figure a sacklike outline, because she has children to tend and cooking to do. And because she has a "marriage certificate."

5. The "why can't I have it?" woman who goads her husband into nervous breakdowns to satisfy her selfish desires; who has a closet full of frocks while the real

moneymaker in the family has one shiny suit.

6. The "what do you think Junior did today?" woman who plagues her husband with unnecessary details of what the kiddies did all day, the disposition of the woman next door and what a terrible headache she has had after washing the breakfast dishes.

7. The "Oh, leave me alone" woman who is an iceberg where affection is concerned and repulses petting and accepts it as though it were just part of a job.

8. The "Why can't I go with you?" woman who demands to attend every golf, baseball, poker or football game and who can't understand why women aren't permitted to attend stag functions and why her husband wants to go to these affairs when he knows she can't go along.

Three players have been placed under new extended-term contracts by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. They are Elliott Nugent, of the famous New York stage family, Lawrence Gray and Benny Rubin. Gray has just completed his first singing and talking rôle opposite Marion Davies in "Marianne," while Rubin has a featured part in the same picture. Gray first gained screen recognition as leading man for Gloria Swanson, and Rubin has had a very successful career as a vaudeville comedian.

Elliott Nugent made his debut on the M-G-M lot in Sam Wood's "College Life," and has just completed his second dialog rôle in "Kempy," an adaptation of the popular stage comedy written by his father and himself.

"As an outstanding star of the film colony and a member of the most exclusive social set in both Europe and America, you have known most of the beautiful and famous women of the present generation. From such observation and experience, what can you tell women in general as to the secrets of charm, loveliness and fascination?"

This question was propounded to Constance Bennett the other day at the Pathé

Studio, where she is beginning work on "Rich People," the starring vehicle which will mark her return to the screen after an absence of four years as the wife of the multi-millionaire, Phil Plant.

"That's a hard question to answer briefly," declared Miss Bennett after a moment's reflection, "but I think the most concise way of putting the matter is to say that success in the characteristics you mention is achieved by those women who never forget their birthright of femininity."

"Once I read a story about a famous American siren now living in Europe, in which the writer declared that, despite her several husbands and legion of ad-



Fred Newmeyer is not only a good motion picture director, but he can imitate birds. So he 'doubled' on the microphone for Esmeralda, the parrot who plays such an important part in "Sailors' Holiday," while Esmeralda listens admiringly. (Mr. Newmeyer's language is better!)

mirers, she was really the most old-fashioned girl he had ever met. In this fact, he believed, lay the secret of her tremendous appeal to men.

"She was a marvelous listener, unlike, he pointed out many pert young things who want to hog the limelight with their own conversational prowess. She subtly flattered the man in whose company she chanced to be with a suggestion of deference to his opinions. Even her most simple frocks were dainty. That, I might interpolate as my own opinion and not that of the writer whose viewpoint I am discussing, does not imply fussiness but a wise choice of material and cut and color. The in-

ternationally famous siren was further described as having taken pains to learn grace of walk and carriage, and modulation of her voice to a pleasing pitch. All these, the writer believed, were hall-marks of an old-fashioned girl, too of ten disregarded by many slangy, hail-fellow-well-met girls of today.

"I think this enthusiastic gentleman of the press just about hit at the kernel of womanly charm in general. The roughest man appreciates refinement in a woman. I don't think any man really admires the hint of vulgarity in a woman, even though he may be momentarily amused by it. The ideal girl that every man subconsciously pictures is always well-groomed and becomingly dressed. Nicely cared-for hands, hair that shows attention, make-up used wisely and not too lavishly, are all weapons in a woman's armory.

"A soft, musical voice is another distinctly feminine quality that never fails to prove alluring.

"In fact," Miss Bennett stated, "it might not be a bad idea for the girl who wants to cultivate charm to steal at least one or two pages from the book of some grand-mamma who was the secret passion of all the gallants of her day. The basic essentials of feminine fascination haven't changed since Eve selected her very prettiest fig-leaf, plaited her long hair with flowers and, thus bedecked in loveliness, set out to beguile Adam's exile from the Garden of Eden with soft-voiced coquetry."

* * *

Paramount is going to bring to the screen several of Sir James M. Barrie's plays. Gary Cooper's first starring vehicle will be "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," but will be released under the title of "Medals." Next they will do "Mary Rose." Ruth Chatterton played in the Broadway stage production of this play a few seasons ago. Wonder if she will play in the talkie version? And here's something to look forward to—"Peter Pan" as a talkie. No cast for this has been selected as yet. Page Betty Bronson!



The graduating class of Mrs. Sloan, vocal instructor, is composed of Bessie Love and Gwen Lee, in the foreground; and, top row, left to right, Leatrice Joy, Elsa Schallert, and Carmel Myers.

Georges Carpentier is in Hollywood making pictures for Warner Brothers. He is to have the lead in "Hold Everything," Broadway musical comedy. This is an ideal rôle for Georges, as the hero is a boxer. Sally O'Neil, Lilyan Tashman, Joe E. Brown and Marion (Peanuts) Byron will also be featured in this soundie.

* * *

Marion Davies is to begin work on the talkie version of "Dulcy" with King Vidor directing. We expect much of this actor-director combination because of "The Patsy" and "Show People." Constance Talmadge played in the silent version of "Dulcy," remember?

* * *

Motion pictures in their entire history have never presented a more baffling problem than that of making the talking picture understandable to the foreign market.

In the first mad rush to the talking Gollconda little thought was given to this mar-



Basil Rathbone holds the mirror while Kay Johnson adjusts her make-up. Both stars are leaders in the Broadway invasion of Hollywood.

ket. Millions were to be made at home. Let the future take care of itself. But sober second thought and the return to the normal box office state of affairs gave producers pause everywhere. After all, foreign markets totaled 40% of the gross business done. It is estimated that there are 20,500 houses in the U. S. and 27,338 houses throughout all Europe. Of course, the English-speaking countries absorb almost half of America's film export trade which totals about \$35,000,000 yearly. It's the other \$40,000,000 in foreign business that was threatened.

All sorts of solutions were proposed. But Radio Pictures has come

forward with what it believes to be the one really effective method. In fact, this method has been adopted only after consultation with foreign buyers of film.

Foreign actors have been engaged by Randolph Bartlett, Radio Pictures title editor, to speak prologues and interpolations to features in their native languages.

The general plot of the story, its characters and the key situations are described in a prologue in the language of the country where the film is to be shown. Then at the end of each reel, the picture again cuts to the 'master of ceremonies' who describe the change of scene and the dialog that is to follow.

* * *

Lon Chaney is out of pictures for a short period because of illness but the picture must go on so Wallace Beery was selected for the Chaney rôle in "The Bugle Sounds" with Lon's approval. Ernest Torrence is also cast in an important part. Had Lon remained in the cast it would have been a silent picture — (he and Charlie Chaplin refuse to 'go talkie')—but now it's to be an all-talker. George Hill is directing this picturization of life in the Foreign Legion.

* * *

Warner Oland, who was once in grand opera, is to be heard again in "The Vagabond King," Paramount's all-color-talkie version of the New York operetta success. Dennis King, who was in the original Broadway production, will hero it again in the picture.

* * *

Emil Jannings, making pictures in Germany for Ufa, is all set to do his first talkie. It will be in German, of course. Josef Von Sternberg, who directed Jannings in "The Last Command," is going abroad to direct him. Von Sternberg is on leave of absence from his Paramount directorial duties. The man who directed "Underworld" and "The Last Command" will not be permitted to stay away from the home lot very long, we promise you!



A GAY GARBO

SCREENLAND presents with pardonable pride the very first studio portrait ever made of Greta Garbo in a carefree moment. Usually the lovely Scandinavian sulks or smoulders when the camera is turned upon her beauty; but this time she was cajoled into casual mirth, and the result is worth framing. Incidentally Greta was hard at work on her first talking picture along about the time this picture was taken, so you see she isn't worried about that accent!

*Portrait by
Ruth Harriet Louisa*

CONFESSIONS of the FANS

This is YOUR department, to which you are invited to contribute your opinions about motion pictures. Say what you think about the screen and its stars. We are offering \$50.00 in prizes for the best letters: first prize, \$20.00; second prize, \$15.00; third prize, \$10.00; fourth prize, \$5.00. The next best letters will be printed by way of honorable mention. This prize offer will be in effect in every issue. Letters must not exceed 200 words in length. Sign your full name and address, please!

THE EDITOR

FIRST PRIZE LETTER \$20.00

We are living in the age of miracles again! This part of the world is slow—take it from one of its citizens—but I think I am pretty nearly right when I say that should the talkies roll along this way they will hit Hongkong with a *wham!*

Imagine my zeal for pictures when I say that I went thrice to see Emil Jannings in "The Way of All Flesh." I'd go again should it return.

During one of my sojourns in the remote Chinese port of Wuchow, way up the West River, (look it up in an Atlas) I was surprised to find that there are theaters actually being built and some, to a crude degree, already built. Only three years ago movies were Greek to them. Being a distant port and being primitive in the way of movies the films shown were obviously of the old type; but, despite that, they never lacked interest.

"Hot Water" was seen amid the noisiest but most wholesome laughter I have ever heard. Those seeing the movies for the first time were so astonished that they wondered whether actual people took part and as to how the pictures could move—another miracle to Wuchow!

Anan S. Barker,
87 Parkee Street,
Kowloon, Hongkong, China.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER \$15.00

Theme songs—talking—singing—dancing—how little I dreamed seeing the day of such development in the motion picture industry. And I have followed the progress of movies since the days when Charles Chaplin played in a prize fight picture—along in about 1914—and when the old Essanay Company in Chicago starred Billy Anderson!

I haven't forgotten Beverly Bayne and Francis X. Bushman nor the days of "Beverly of Graustark," and I am not so certain yet that I prefer the talkies to the old days. It is a marvelous stride, no doubt, but all these children do not seem to have the vim,

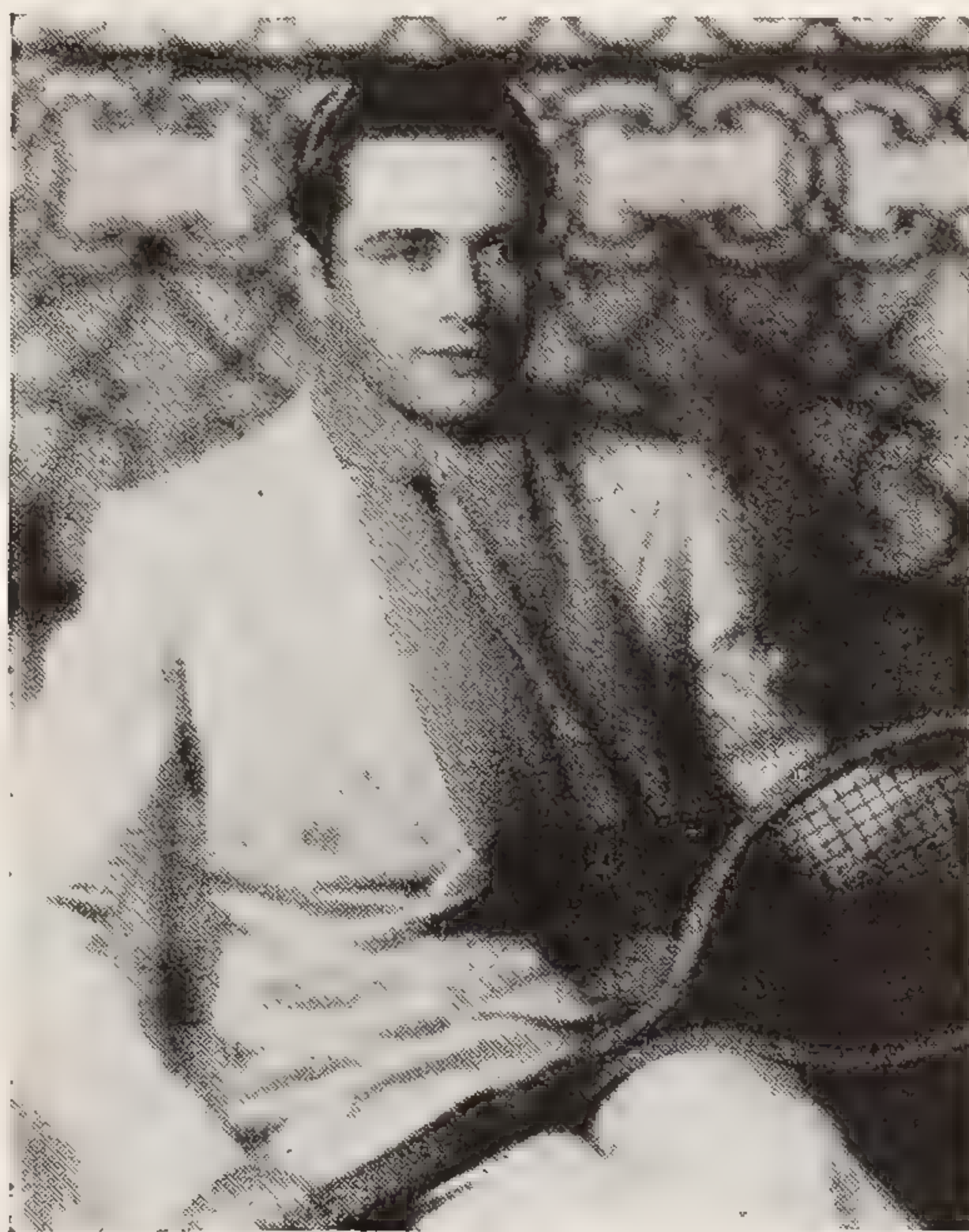
energy and whole-heartedness that the normal performer had in those other days. It was not ill-bred to weigh 125 pounds then. It was healthy!

Mrs. J. D. Tousley,
1405 East Broadway,
Joplin, Missouri.

THIRD PRIZE LETTER \$10.00

You may all prefer Gary Cooper, with his soul-stirring look and his six foot three of gracefulness; or Buddy Rogers, with his black and white attractiveness; or the manliness of Richard Arlen, with his straight look. Then again, perhaps you prefer William Haines, he of the mischief-loving eyes; or maybe Charles Farrell, who is linked forever with the tenderness of "Seventh Heaven."

Well, you can have them all! My favorite is not so awfully tall, he hasn't an ex-



Among our fans' confessions is the interesting revelation that Buddy Rogers ranks high in their esteem.

pression of deep sorrow in his eyes, he does not possess any shining handsomeness, nor an extraordinary amount of virility or cocksuredness. Nevertheless, he is sophisticated and yet is endowed with an abundance of boyish qualities (a combination quite devastating); he has a sufficient amount of good looks; he is real, human and likeable; and he has the most infectious smile that it has ever been my pleasure to look upon (and you know he has a wonderful sense of humor.) Who is he?

Why, James Hall, of course, the most charming young man on the screen!

Ellen W. White,
5247 Florence Ave.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

FOURTH PRIZE LETTER \$5.00

While we have a kindly feeling for the silent movie which has given us such wonderful entertainment in the past, just as we have for the horse, that good and faithful servant of former days, yet in each case we must bow to the inevitable march of progress. Sound. The human voice. Life more abundant. Not only is more of the actor's talent revealed in his speech, but his individuality comes forth as well. Take William Powell—but Billy always was a wow even in his pantomime characters, and now he is the ace of aces of the talkies, unless he divides honors with Ronald Colman. Give us the talkies, by all means, and our own movie stars, extras, and the whole crowd who have endeared themselves to the heart of the public and have made the moving picture what it is today. It is a keen disappointment to go to a talking picture and see some strange man or woman taking the leading parts. It is not fair. We want to see and hear our old favorites in talking pictures; we want them because we love them.

Louise Ann Vester,
6431 Robel Avenue,
Los Angeles, California.

Including Leo the Lion

I attend all seances of the talkies. That is, I attend all of them till my allowance gives out, then I try the ancient skin game

of 'Bringing Up Father.' It works—sometimes. I tell him Al Jolson is on till we get past the ushers, then I do a Houdini. Dad's fond of Al.

Now about that Swedish confection called Garbo. Literally tons of it wearing a Javanese smile. And Clive Brook! Oh, Mr. Brook, don't leave! I like your technique very much.

I wish I could tell you what I think of Norma Talmadge. She is a charming dream, too lovely to be real. Of Gloria Swanson, it would take volumes. Well, I like her!

As you've probably guessed I'm just plain crazy about the movies from Leo the Lion to Stepin Fetchit and back again. Did I miss anybody?

Alice Gleason,
218 Miminger Street,
Greenville, South Carolina.

Paging Miss Hopkins

Here's one fan who has a suggestion for the producers. Why has Miriam Hopkins, of the stage, been overlooked as a talkie bet? To my mind she has the most perfect voice of all the stage players. I have seen Miss Hopkins in a number of plays and have thrilled again and again at the rich quality of her voice, the decidedly different intonations and above all the correct enunciation of the English language.

Why does this girl with her blonde elfin beauty, histrionic ability and wonderful voice remain on Broadway? Of course, I realize that Miriam Hopkins has a New York following but why shouldn't she have a world following such as she could have through the medium of the talkies?

Hollywood, here's a find! Don't let it slip through your fingers!

Mae Kemp,
858 South Avenue,
Rochester, New York.

Lauding Lupe

I am just bubbling over with praise for that most charming actress—Lupe Velez!

I was fortunate enough to see Lupe at the Rialto Theater, New York, at the time of her personal appearance here. I was so pleased that I went a second time and, joy of joys, I sat in the first row orchestra with her right before me! She gave me a small bouquet of violets which I have treasured highly.

To me, she is the greatest personality on the screen. Her voice is charming, as all know who have heard her sing *Where is The Song of Songs for Me* and *Yo Te Amo*. There is nothing about her which is not real. She is vivid, primitive and appealing. May she enjoy the very best of luck.

Lee Romeo,
8784-19th Avenue,
Brooklyn, New York.

New Faces and Voices

We believe the talkies will go farther than stage plays—combining the sweep and beauty of the camera with the beauty of the voice, the thrill of sound. How to do it is, of course, yet to be seen, but these things are solved in time like everything else.

We've been talking about talkies when we really wanted to talk about new screen faces and voices. Take David Rollins, who is the nearest approach to that ephemeral title, 'Young America.' Nancy Drexel, who, in former years, would have been called 'beautiful but dumb,' has been able to prove herself a very clever young lady,

thanks to the talkies. Robert Benchley's nearest approach to movies, heretofore, was, perhaps, the loge of the Roxy. He now proves himself an adroit master of pantomime and comedy sketches. Is it not odd that despite Benchley's humorous dialogue the convulsive funniness of his skits is in his pantomime?

Look how well our screen personalities are standing up against the influx of stage talent. Stage players with only voices won't last long. Those with screen ability will find success deservedly.

And with television peeking around the corner of the camera, isn't it great to be a movie fan? We'll say it is!

JOHN ALLEN,
230 Pine Avenue,
McKeesport, Penna.



Alberta Vaughn introducing her pet dog. She says she hopes you'll like him!

That Garbo Girl!

I am anxiously waiting to hear Greta Garbo speak in "Anna Christie." And why shouldn't I when she is my favorite actress? I used to have my room full of pictures of Norma Talmadge but after seeing La Garbo in "The Temptress" and "Flesh and the Devil" the pictures of Miss Talmadge were replaced by Greta, the most fascinating actress I have ever seen. I am glad she is not playing with John Gilbert any more. He did not help her to stardom. She made it herself.

In her interview in the September issue of SCREENLAND I was very much surprised at the change in her. She has actually turned more girlish and she plays like a tomboy! And I also read that "A Single Standard," in which she plays, is a sea story. It certainly is a great change for Greta from her society rôles to a boyish sailor.

Also in that interview Miss Garbo surprised us by announcing she will make a talking version of "Anna Christie." That means that she is not going to be a failure. Bravo, Greta! Keep it up. I know, too, that you will rise to a greater success when your fans hear you speak in your forthcoming pictures.

All the criticisms of Miss Garbo are very

unjust. But here is one fan who will never desert her!

Miss Mary Sandtner,
5130 Kimbark Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

He's Against the Broadway Invasion

There has been so much discussion about the invasion of stage stars in Hollywood that I'd like to add my opinion. It seems to me we could get along without most of the stage stars in the talkies. However, there are some with screen personality as well as voice. Dorothy Burgess, Jeanne Eagels, Lola Lane, Harry Green, Helen Ware, Paul Page, Raymond Hackett and Helen Kane are good.

What's happened to that young fellow named John Darrow? I saw him in two pictures, "The High School Hero" and "The Racket," and then he seemed to disappear. I thought sure he'd soon be at the top, but I suppose he hasn't had the breaks yet. It's too bad that some wise director didn't grab him and groom him for bigger and better things. He's good material. I'm glad Alberta Vaughn and Sharon Lynn are getting some breaks through the talkies. They are two good reasons why we don't need Broadwayites.

Raymond Hulse,
3512 Elm Avenue,
Baltimore, Maryland.

Films in the Philippines

In Manila, our capital city, the newest display of silent films are shown in the city's most modern theaters. Yes, silent films! It might surprise you to learn that the talkies have not reached the Philippine Islands at the present writing. Newspapers say that the talkies have invaded the Orient as far as Shanghai, China. Of course, we are hoping it will be introduced into the Philippines as soon as possible. We can hardly wait for the opportunity to hear speaking films in our country.

The people here are movie addicts, pictures being our chief form of entertainment. The favorite cowboys are Buck Jones, Tom Mix, William S. Hart and Jack Holt. In the comedy world, Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Buster Keaton and the members of 'Our Gang' are most popular.

Joe A. Bautista,
Box 17,
Mambajao, Misamis,
Philippine Islands.

Personality Comments

In my opinion, Ramon Novarro takes his art too seriously—he gives the impression of being a 'Horatio Alger Hero.'

Greta Nissen—ah, that seductive smile, those graceful yet modest gestures!

Adolphe Menjou—lady's man, and proud of it. But a 'good fellow,' all the same.

Douglas MacLean—good, but in some of his pictures, he's embarrassed at everything. Seems that a fellow of his age would begin to outgrow it!

Ben Lyon—too 'boyish'; gives the impression he's trying to make the motherly ladies exclaim: "Oh, the dear, big boy!"

Buster Keaton—I once saw a walking advertisement that looked just like him. It was called 'The Mechanical Man,' and one hundred dollars was offered to the person that could make it grin.

Frank Kenneth Young,
929 West Seventh Street,
Travers City, Michigan.

Another Ten Thousand!

☞ In our last issue we publicly acknowledged our thanks to SCREENLAND's readers. We playfully suggested that they had organized themselves into a 'Booster's Club' for the deliberate purpose of building a bigger circulation for their favorite magazine of picture entertainment.

☞ Of course, there is actually no such organization, but we find we accidentally started something. They evidently liked our frank expression of appreciation. Hundreds of letters have come to us, telling in one way and another that that which they have been doing unconsciously, will now be done purposely. Some tell us they are going to bring a new member into the SCREENLAND family every month.

☞ We're particularly interested in answering the questions of several readers who want to know how to become voluntary circulation 'boosters.'

☞ Well, we're happy to know that SCREENLAND's editorial policy is producing the result we planned. Without fear of contradiction, we hold that there is not another publication in the country that so completely enjoys the genuine and sincere friendship and interest of its readers.

☞ And there's a reason behind this. It's a relationship that's built upon confidence—confidence in SCREENLAND's purpose to give our readers a wholesome and interesting book of pleasure with every issue; and confidence in SCREENLAND's absolute and unquestionable editorial integrity.

☞ But since you ask us what to tell your friends in adding them to the added ten thousand new readers who bought SCREENLAND last month, we'll carry our policy of confidence a little farther and let you in on an advance notice of a few new coming features:

☞ Note the cover of this number, perhaps as beautiful a painting as ever appeared on any magazine; done by Charles Sheldon, one of America's famous portrait artists, whose services have been engaged for SCREENLAND, along with those of other distinguished painters, whose work will appear on future covers as well as inside the magazine.

☞ Next month a psycho-analysis of Greta Garbo by James Oppenheim, the distinguished author and psychologist, who will search into the heart and soul and mind of this wonder woman of pictures and explain the secret of her unusual hold upon picture patrons—and each month thereafter a similar study of an important player; and then perhaps he'll show you how to psycho-analyze yourself, so that you can answer the questions that are all-important to you: "What am I?" and "How Can I Become What I Want to Be?"

☞ But enough, for the present. When you're through reading this copy of SCREENLAND, pass it along to a friend—a generous gesture—and then watch for the November issue. It will be the best of all, and with your help, we'll make each one better than the one before.

THE PUBLISHERS

Loretta Young is not being languorous — merely lithe! She is celebrating her ascension to SCREENLAND'S coveted Honor Page.



SCREENLAND HONOR PAGE

She is just about the youngest and prettiest starette on the Hollywood screens today. And the nicest thing about Loretta is that she doesn't seem to know how pretty she is!

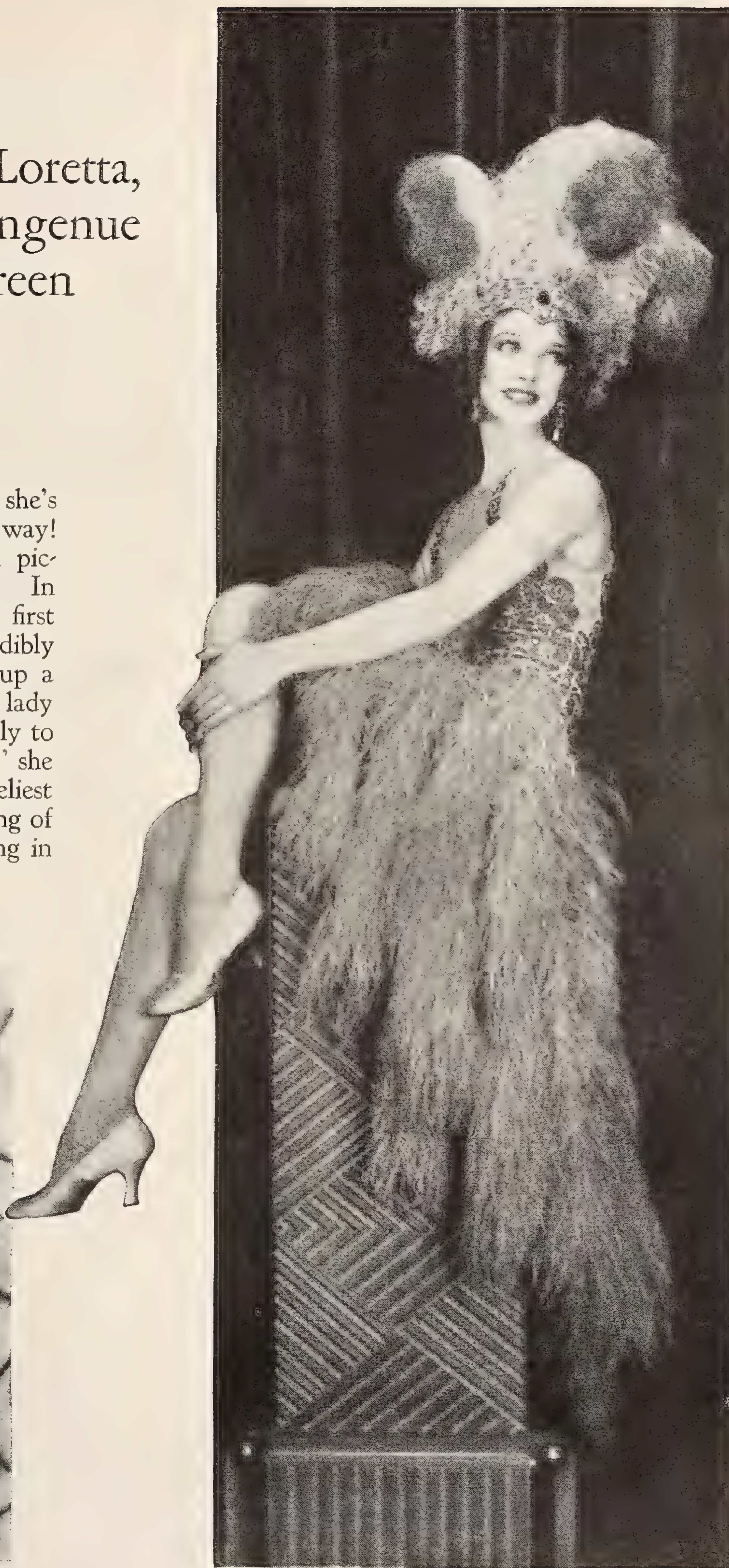


That Young Lady, Loretta, Becomes the First Ingenue of the Speaking Screen

LORETTA YOUNG has arrived. And she's only been travelling such a little way! Just think of it: she started in pictures when she was only fourteen. In "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" she made her first appeal, that of a wide-eyed and incredibly innocent child. Now she has grown up a little. Still the very youngest leading lady in Hollywood, she has added considerably to her dramatic stature, until in "Fast Life" she proves conclusively that she is the loveliest and liveliest and positively most promising of all the beautiful little ingenues abounding in the California studios.



Loretta is one of an aspiring trio of screen girls—Sally Blane and Polly Ann Young are her sisters.



That's right, Loretta! You are entitled to a pedestal and First National supplied you with a good, strong one in "Fast Life."

SCREENLAND

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

THE result of SCREENLAND's talking picture ballot was overwhelmingly in favor of the talkies. In fact, there is no longer any argument as far as we are concerned! The few staunch supporters of silent pictures good-naturedly granted that they were convinced of the futility of their conscientious objections—some even went so far as to admit that each new talking picture pushed them a little farther over the fence, on the 'pro' side!

☞ Just to make it unanimous—George Bernard Shaw has been hinting, so they say, that he may write a play especially for the talkies, because he considers talking pictures a new art form that has come to stay!

Mr. Shaw may even permit some of his most famous plays to be converted into talkies, the report adds. For a consideration, of course! That reminds me that it is about time to revive the classic story about Mr. Shaw and Mr. Samuel Goldwyn, the producer. Goldwyn was trying to interest G. B. S. in a little proposition to come to Hollywood to do things about the movies. After Mr. Goldwyn had said everything he had to say, Mr. Shaw replied: "The difficulty, Mr. Goldwyn, is that you are interested only in art while I am interested only in money!"

The Grand Old Man of the modern drama is as broad-minded as he can be about these talking pictures. He posed for Movietone. He entertained Pola Negri at luncheon in London and discussed with her the possible screening of "Caesar and Cleopatra." But Mr. Shaw, in one respect you're just a little bit old-fashioned! You are quoted as saying that you believe it



more feasible to teach competent 'legitimate' actors to modulate their voices and restrain their gestures for the talkies than to teach Hollywood actors and actresses to use their voices. But what about those close-ups, Mr. Shaw?

☞ The talkies have invaded the realm of the text-book in school. The first educational talking picture has been shown at Teachers' College, Columbia University, N. Y.;

and the prediction is made that some of the most progressive schools and colleges will adopt the talkies as an educational aid. The first film, frankly experimental, is the work of the educational research department of the Electrical Research Products Co., a subsidiary of the Western Electric Co., and was produced with the co-operation of Dr. H. D. Kitson, professor of education at Teachers' College.

☞ SCREENLAND is fast becoming a magazine of controversy! Last month we denounced the practice of 'exposing' voice doubles. This month we take issue with the Century Magazine article, 'The Other Side Of It,' by Gilbert Seldes, in which the learned critic and author pounces on sex-appeal and declares it is a machine-made product of the picture producers! SCREENLAND calls your attention to the answer in this issue by James Oppenheim, the eminent psychologist, "Sex Appeal Defended," in which, to our mind, he makes short work of the decriers of the ancient and honorable art of 'It.' We expect to call upon other famous writers to give their views. And we want to know YOUR opinion! Let's have it!

WELCOME, STRANGERS!

*Broadway's Loss is
Hollywood's Gain!*

*Norma Terriss, the Magnolia of
the stage "Show Boat," makes
her movie debut in Movietone's
"Married in Hollywood."*



*Frank Craven, actor-play-
wright, arrives in Screen-
town to star in and help
direct his own play, "The
Very Idea."*

*Right: Jeanette MacDonald,
ingenue prima donna, plays
opposite Maurice Chevalier
in "The Love Parade," the
screen's first original all-
sound operetta.*



*Beautiful Catherine Dale Owen
is the heroine of John Gilbert's
new picture, "Olympia."*



*"Kempy" will introduce Roland Young
to the speaking screen. He is famous on
the stage for urbanely witty portrayals.*

WILL ROGERS

By
Rob Wagner



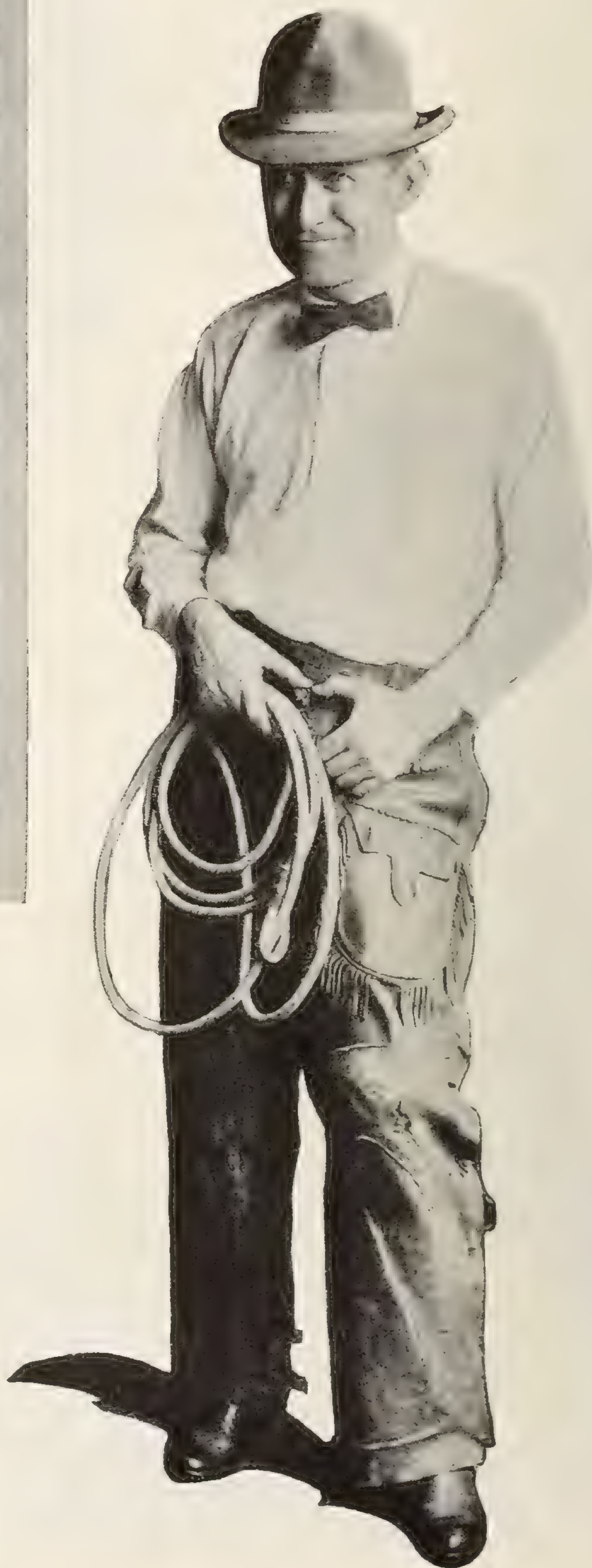
The talkies have lured Will Rogers back to the screen. The famous gum-chewing philosopher is at home in the new medium.

TIME was when I could walk onto any lot in Movieland with a "Good Morning, Rob." But not now. Within the last year everything has changed, especially personnel. The new 'Monsters at the Gate' give me the mackerel eye and strip me to egotistic nudity with their questions. As for getting on the sound stages—well!

Such was the posture of circumstances as I sat down in the great reception-room of the new Fox Studio at Fox Hills just outside the walls of Beverly Hills. I was to wait until my credentials could reach a high executive, if any such mammalia happened to be at the suburban plant.

But the gods are good to artists and writers and I had no sooner seated myself beneath the Greco-Spanish dome than whom should wander in but the very man I sought.

"First time I been in the darn place myself," said Will Rogers. "Thought I'd better get acquainted with the plant now



Talks about Talkies

Read and Laugh! Will Rogers Speaks his Mind about Talking Pictures

that I'm workin' here. Com'on over and let's take a look at my new dressing shack." As he ushered me in the Monster grinned amiably. Apparently no higher credential was needed.

A lot of footage has rolled over the sprockets since I directed Will in a bunch of two-reel comedies over on the Roach lot five years ago. At that time, Will had a stingy little dressing-room in a row occupied by Glenn Tryon, Charlie Chase and Stan Laurel, all of whom have since risen to stardom. Now on the Fox lot he was leading me to an isolated house such as one might find on any of the fashionable streets of Beverly Hills.

Yes, times have changed. But not Will. "I haven't been in the darn thing yet," he said with a grin. "Guess it's locked, but we can peek through the winders." We peeked like snooping school-boys.

"They're always askin' why I don't move in, but what use have I got with a house? I don't even need a dressin' room! It's only five minutes from the house. I come in the clothes I work in, and I'm not even usin' grease paint. Well, anyway, it's a pretty place, but I guess I'll have to let one of the lady stars have it. Or perhaps I can sell it back to Fox," he added with a grin.



Rob Wagner says we'll see Will Rogers pretty nearly in person in the talkies, for talk is the way he puts over his best gags. Above: Will with Marguerite Churchill in a scene from Fox's "They Had to See Paris."



"Don't suppose they'd let me knock in the side and use it for a garage. A garage is what I really need—or a corral for m' horse."

However, I have no doubt that the "Will Rogers Bungalow" will go big with the publicity department.

Now, the sacred sanctity of the sound studio was as easy to penetrate as the lot, and in five minutes we were on the set ready to "Knock on 'em boys. Let's go!" Will's favorite expression.

"Got a great story, Rob," Will went on as we sat down to await the inevitable tests. "Irene Rich is m' wife and we've made a lot of money in oil in Oklahoma and have decided to take the kids to Europe. (Continued on page 103)

Will's favorite leading lady, Irene Rich, is reunited with the star in his first talking picture, "They Had to See Paris."

Clara Bow's

Clara Bow + Harry Richman
Romance. Read About Clara's

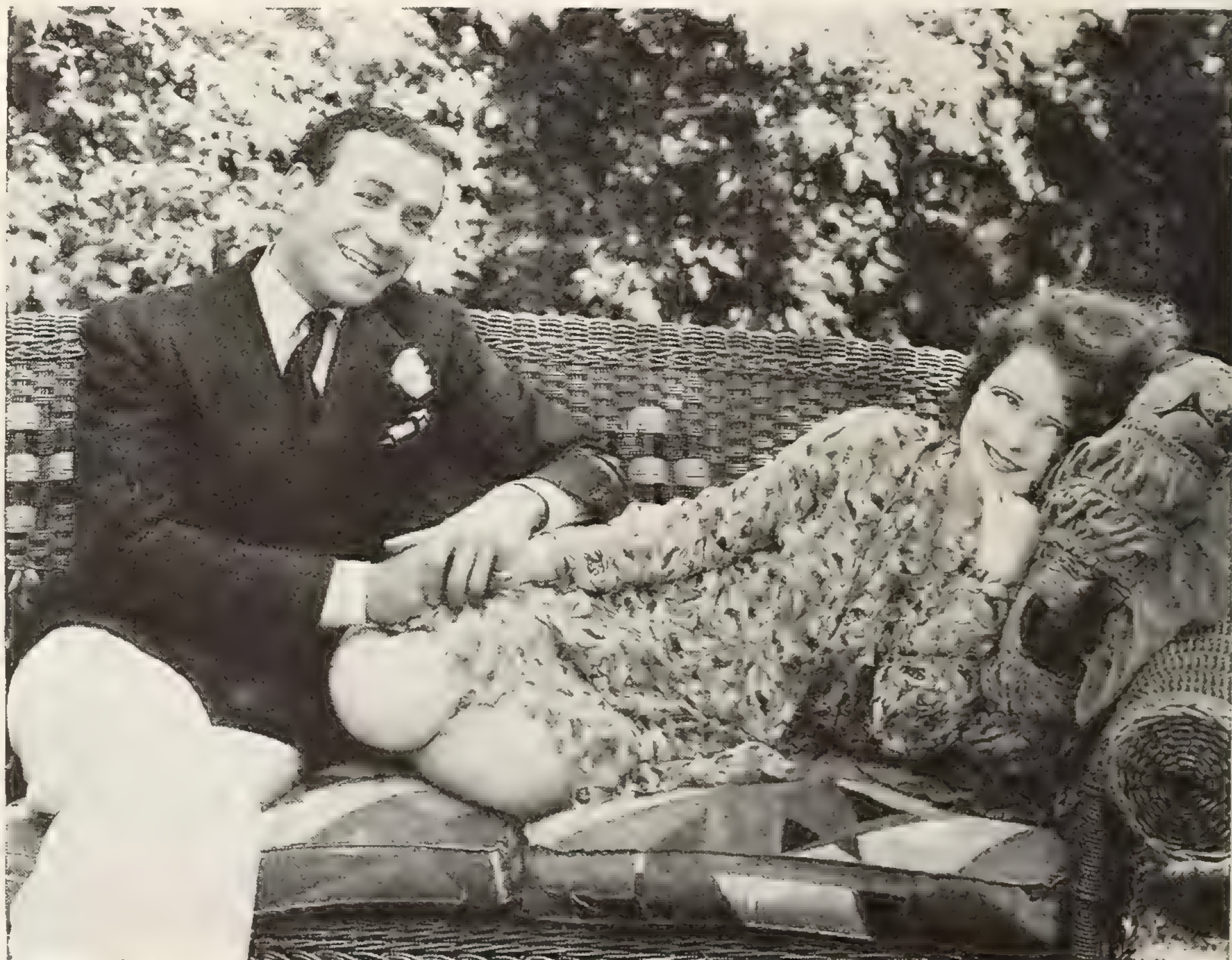
Theme Song: "For I'm Just Wild About Harry—
And Harry's Wild About Me!"

*By
Ian
Blake*

NOT since the big fire has there been a conflagration on the West Coast comparable to that now raging in Hollywood. It's as if a million feet of Garbo-Gilbert film kisses had been touched off by some producer who couldn't read the 'No Smoking' sign. For in this corner we have Clara Bow, variously known as the 'Brooklyn Bonfire' and the 'Hollywood Holocaust.' And over yonder is 'Kid Casanova,' the Jersey Jazzbeau. In other words, Harry Richman, of the Newark, N. J., Reichmans, suh, crooner of lullabies that have made many a Broadway baby forget home and Daddy, and now starring in his first talking picture, "The Song of Broadway."

Clara, our pet red-head, on the beach at Malibu.

When those modern Paul Reveres, the Hollywood reporters, galloped to the telegraph offices with the news that Harry was wild about Carrie—pardon, Clara—the wires grew warmer than a Glyn tiger-skin. And Page One of the dailies had to be printed in asbestos so that the tale of flaming love wouldn't singe the edge off the story of the Russo-Chinese crisis. Shortly after the papers reached the streets the Weather Bureau reported the hottest weather



Harry Richman, night-club king of Broadway, came to Hollywood to make his screen debut and captured the heart of Clara Bow. Here they are!

Love Story

=Hollywood's Latest \$10,000 Engagement Ring

in thirty-five years. A couple of volcanoes that had been cold as the rear end of an ice-wagon for a quarter-century went back into action purely out of sympathy. Harry and Clara just burned up the world. And among other things, settled for all time the ancient question of just what happens when an irresistible force meets an immovable body. In a manner of speaking, of course.

It was all so utterly unexpected. True enough, when Bay Ridge's pride-and-joy was visiting the old Manhattan stamping grounds she met Broadway's Don Juan. And, they say, she ritzed Richman as if he had been one of the Six Bounding Ginsbergs instead of the 'heart' of the Flashing Forties. Nobody happened to think that this might be a very feminine way of betraying an unusual interest in the curly-headed Broadway boy. Nor did it occur that Clara's Titian tresses could make Harry forget all the blondes and brunettes in the world. The wise ones figured that each considered the other no-dice. Which only goes to prove that you never can tell.

Neither Clara nor Harry are considered simon-pure amateurs within the rulings of the A. A. U. (Amateur Athletic Association.) As a matter of fact, if the country were going in for statuary in the manner of ancient Greece, there's little doubt but what Clara would be deified as the Goddess of Love, while Harry would be Cupie. The combination would be a sort of Bow and 'Arry, as it were.

Clara, for instance, played her first important rôle in the same picture in which Gilbert Roland got his start. And that was when Gil was lucky to have coffee, let alone a Rolls. But, just the same, she

seemed to like him. And he her. It was real romance. And then—well, things happened. Careers and other interests intervened. But it's safe to say the brand of that love burned deeply into each of their hearts. Mexicans seem to be 'no bueno' for Clara. Gilbert drifted away. And as Lupe Velez wants the world to know, Gary Cooper is her exclusive property now. For the present at any rate. Gary was another in whose heart Clara cut a notch. And among other candidates for Clara's favor we seem to remember Ben

(Continued on page 108)



When Harry Richman was only four! He was lost, and this is the identification picture which resulted in his return to home and mother.

Ballad-singer, Broadway play-boy, star of the "Scandals," now screen star and conqueror of Clara Bow's heart—Harry Richman!



About Some Famous Screen Children

By Helen Ludlam

Hollywood's



Jean Darling, the 'sweetheart' of the 'Our Gang' comedies, one of the sweetest youngsters in pictures.

A FEW years ago it was thought impossible for the average young person to earn money. It wasn't nice! Children had to stay at home, marry, or go into their father's business. Progress has put a stop to these stagnant notions. Many young people earn the money that sends them to school. The children of Hollywood, as a rule, earn enough to make them independent for life or start them out in whatever profession they later care to follow.

I want to tell you about a few of all the wonderful children in Hollywood. Suppose I begin with Philippe de Lacy and wind up with the Johnsons, one of the most picturesque families to be found anywhere in the world.

You all know something about Philippe, the French child found forlorn and homeless in the war zone by Mrs. de Lacy, a war-worker, and adopted by her and brought to America. It was Geraldine Farrar who suggested that Philippe was a find for the films, and it was Farrar who saw to it that the boy had a start in Hollywood.

Mrs. De Lacy was willing, for although she had moderate means, she felt that it might be valuable to the child to get an early start in a lucrative profession. She is careful not to exploit him. She wants him to go slowly as a child actor because she believes that he has a future in pictures.

Philippe wants to be a director. He thinks that is the nicest job in pictures. On the back porch of the modest de Lacy home he and a friend of his built a tiny theater with sets and light effects. There is a screen and typewritten invitations are issued to friends for a movie show. They run regulation pic-



Anita Fremoult and Philippe de Lacy, two little aristocrats of the studios, take their fencing lesson (above).



You all know Wheezer, left, the baby of 'Our Gang.' He is a born actor and can cry easily at his director's bidding.



Above: Director Robert McGowan of the popular 'Our Gang' comedies, completely surrounded by his talented troupe, including Pete, the devoted dog.

Youngest Generation

tures from Philippe's projection machine. I noticed that sound pictures were announced and asked him how he could manage that. "Oh, we have a victrola!" he said with a smile.

Philippe won the hundred-yard dash for his school and likes running better than any other sport, though he has a gun that he sets great store by. He has many books, a few autographed, a very valuable stamp collection.

"Are you going to put Anita Louise in your story?" Philippe asked me. "I hope you are, because she is my girl, and she's very sweet!"

Anita Louise lives with her charming young mother in an apartment just above Hollywood Boulevard. None of the children live in palaces, except perhaps Jackie Coogan. They all seem to have nice, homey homes, comfortable but not pretentious.

The studio children don't seem to mind practicing and doing their chores as much as the average child. Anita Louise and her mother rise at seven and get in half an hour of French before going to work. Then she takes half-hour sessions of dancing, music, singing, fencing and horseback riding. Philippe takes these things, too. Mrs. Fremoult does not believe in wasting the receptive years of childhood when everything is learned easily. She feels that all things are habits and a child might as well get the habit of being busy as being lazy. And Anita Louise can cook. She likes best to make floating island, but she can make biscuits, too!

I wondered what the (Continued on page 104)



Philippe de Lacy, the outstanding boy actor of motion pictures.



Left: Dawn O'Day, who has been on the screen since she was three years old. Her remarkable work was a feature of "Four Devils."



Above: Bebe Daniels with the six Johnson children, all of whom are regularly employed in motion pictures at the various studios.

Remember Anita Louise Fremoult in "A Woman of Affairs," with Greta Garbo? She is a real beauty and a clever young actress.



OLIVE BORDEN



Stand By! Olive Borden announcing her Radio Contest! Write the best letter answering Olive's question and you will win her Gift Radiola

Olive Borden's radiant smile expresses her generous spirit.

Below: Miss Borden with the new Radiola which she offers to a fortunate—and clever fan.

TUNE in! OLIVE BORDEN wants you to enter her radio contest. The winner will receive a new RCA Radiola 33, the very latest model. Olive is asking an interesting question, to test your cleverness: whom should she play opposite, of the following film heroes, all Radio Pictures players—Richard Dix, Rudy Vallee, Rod La Rocque, and John Boles? Make your choice and give your reasons for your answer. The best letter, meaning the cleverest and the clearest, wins the prize. The Radiola is a cabinet model which is modern in tendency but so simple in its lines that it will harmonize with any type of home surroundings. It is fully equipped with tubes and the latest RCA loud-speaker. The cabinet is finished in African mahogany. Employing the RCA tuned radio frequency circuit, it has substantial volume yet fine selectivity. And besides—it's the gift of beautiful Olive Borden!

Address:—OLIVE BORDEN
SCREENLAND CONTEST DEPARTMENT
49 West 45th Street
New York City
Contest Closes October 10, 1929



Offers a Gift Radio

The Question:
whom should Olive
play opposite on
the screen—Richard
Dix, Rudy Vallee,
Rod La Rocque, or
John Boles? Give
the reasons for your
answer



Olive is a new star for Radio Pictures. Perhaps that's why she chooses a Radiola as her gift to the writer of the best letter in SCREENLAND'S contest.

Right: Olive Borden listening in at the radio set to be awarded in her contest. It—the set, not Olive—requires no battery but can simply be attached to any electric light switch.



SEX

Do You Believe that "No Permanent Success Has Yet Come to a Screen Player who Made Sex his or her Chief Appeal?" That's What Gilbert Seldes Declared in Century Magazine. SCREENLAND Wants to Test the Truth of this Statement. Here is a Defense of IT by James Oppenheim, one of America's Foremost Psychologists. Read It! Let Us Know What YOU Think!



Valentino possessed the quality of 'It' to a greater degree than any other screen personality.

Right: the glamorous Greta Garbo from Sweden wrote a new definition of 'sex appeal' for the American screen.

WHAT has happened to Gilbert Seldes, who once assisted in editing a high-brow magazine, *The Dial*, and has been expiating this sin ever since by defending, aggressively, low-brow art and entertainment? In the July *Century* he actually attacks IT; he—believe it or not!—slaps sex-appeal and puts it on the shelf. A photograph, he says, can't get hot; and while sex-appeal may shoot a few stars into the firmament, such stars, Nita Naldi, Theda Bara, for instance, turn out to be sky-rockets. They flame, sputter, cease. They have not the staying power of the Mary Pickfords, the Charlie Chaplins, the Al Jolson.

"No permanent success," he says, "has yet come to a player who made sex his or her chief appeal."



Is there sex-appeal in "The Big Parade," "The Birth of a Nation," or "Abraham Lincoln?"

Well, what is IT? What is sex-appeal?

Seldes quotes the manager of Caruso's concert tours. "Blank's voice," he said, "is essentially monogamous, the voice of a reliable husband; Caruso's voice was essentially polygamous, the voice of a lover." And what the women in the audience appreciated was "the quality of his voice which was like the caress of a lover, the warmth and fragrance of an embrace, the

Below: Gloria Swanson, one of the greatest stars, has 'It' in abundance.



APPEAL

Defended!

By James Oppenheim

Author of
"Behind Your Front," etc.

intoxication of secret love-making." The manager added: "The moment a woman heard him she felt he was making love to her alone and she wanted to surrender to him."

This surely is a good way of describing sex-appeal. But does it also describe IT? Seldes rules out Charlie Chaplin. If memory serves me, Elinor Glyn says Charlie has IT just as surely as Clara Bow and Greta Garbo have IT. IT, then, isn't exactly the same as sex-appeal. It is a mysterious power, a something in a

Even Mary Pickford cultivated the 'It' qualities in "Coquette."



The original 'It' Girl—Clara Bow, christened by Madame Elinor Glyn and still potent box-office appeal.

Left: John Gilbert is a gifted actor but his possession of 'It' has made him a great popular idol.

person that casts a spell or lays a charm.

Certainly without IT no man or woman could become a genuine movie star. Let us consider some men who are devoid of it, such as Herbert Hoover, Henry Ford, John Pierpont Morgan, Calvin Coolidge, the King of England, the Queen of England, Margot Asquith. Can we imagine any of these becoming great actors or actresses? They may be great men and women, or good; but a certain flame, or charm, or magnetism, or seductiveness, or romantic quality is lacking. The Prince of Wales has it, Sinclair Lewis has it. Certainly Al Jolson and Mary Pickford have it.

It varies in intensity, like all gifts. Some actors have more, some less. There are actresses

(Continued on page 111)

GLORIA HALLELUJAH!

Miss Swanson Goes Marching On. Welcome Back to the Screen, Marquise!

By Herbert Cruikshank



Gloria Swanson, after a too-long absence, returns to pictures in "The Trespasser." Yes, she talks—and sings.

SHE extended a slim hand, too slight, it seemed, to bear the weight of the great shimmering pearl whose wearer enhanced its beauty by lending it a little of her own. The delicately molded fingers caressed a radio message from beyond the seas: "Love and kisses, Henry," it was signed. And every littlest word carried its burden of affection.

"Is this convincing," asked Gloria Swanson, and added, "these rumors of divorce have existed since the day of my marriage." It seems so foolish even to deny them. But anyway, this message is my answer to the question. There are others like it. Many of them. If you would like to see?"

But who dares ask the Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudraye for documentary evidence to substantiate her word! Or who would doubt the truth that shone from

the clear blue depths of her eyes? The query had been a disagreeable duty ungracefully performed. It was a relief to speak of other things. Motion pictures, for instance.

For here, so perfectly clad in a gown of such a shade of green as to suggest the quiet of a forest's heart softly lighted by a sleepy sun; here with the most alluring little hat in the world pulled jauntily over autumn-tinted hair—here stood one of the most distinguished figures in all filmdom. A Czarina of the Screen, who has battled every inch of her way to a throne; who has not feared her fate too much to dare all; and who has won her dicings with Destiny! The Sennett duckling whose brains and courage and talent have brought her to be the most regal swan of all the fine-feathered birds in filmdom.

You know her story. An extra girl on the Essanay lot. A picture poser clad in Sennett's idea of what the well-undressed bathing girl should wear. Leading lady to a custard pie. Heroine of "The Pullman Bride," "Teddy at the Throttle," and other of the infant industry's contribution to art. And from such rank, lush soil sprang the lily adored by appreciative millions all the world around.

You know her story. How she quit her job to go into business for herself. Just five feet of womanhood turning down an offer of \$10,000 weekly, fifty-two weeks in the year, because she wanted to produce photoplays *her* way. The disappointments and discouragements she encountered. Sufficient to make the toughest film magnate toss his hands toward the ceiling and whimper "Kamerad." You've heard about "Queen Kelly." A million dollars shot, and the picture shelved. You know how the coming of sound to the silence of the screen dynamited a ten-billion-dollar business loose from its foundations. And you know how Gloria, surrounded by the croaking ravens of desperate ruin and disaster, turned defeat to brilliant victory with "The Trespasser."

"Oh, it was a joy," she says, "a perfect delight to work straight through the picture without interruptions. Rehearsals first, then three weeks shooting, and it was completed."



Gloria, in scenes with this studio child, is at her best; for she is a mother in reality, devoted to her own little girl, Gloria, and to her adopted son, Joseph.

"No, the microphones didn't bother me. They had them hidden all over the set. I didn't have to confine the action to the spot where 'mike' was located. The instruments were placed to catch the action, not the action to accommodate the sound device. I enjoyed it all ever so much. I shan't make a silent picture again. I don't believe I could.

"I like the talkies. It didn't seem necessary for me to change whatever technique I may possess. Sound simply aids pantomime. It doesn't replace it. But it augments its value. I had to study the timing of gesture a little. It is best to move a bit quicker in audible photoplays than was customary in the silent ones."

So where others have trembled before the great god 'mike', courageous Gloria grasped this modern Minotaur by the horns—and proved it more than half 'bull' after all. Her venture as a producer of her own pictures has added much to her self-reliance and self-confidence. There is the matter of "Queen Kelly," for instance.

"It is not a bad picture," she smiles quietly, "it is a good picture. Von Strohem didn't direct as swiftly as I had hoped. But there is nothing wrong with the film except that it is silent. My error. It should have been a talkie. And it will be. When I return I shall make it so. This will require some re-taking because part of the picture is entirely unsuited to sound. But it will be all right. I am not in the least worried about it."

And from the way she says it, any listener must have confidence that the golden flood sluiced through the "Queen Kelly" sieve will bring back a perfect deluge of box-office profits. Were Gloria a real Queen instead of just a Screenland Sovereign, her knights would be shamed to return with any tales of defeat. She wouldn't know what(Continued on page 109)

Gloria's audiences depend on her to show them the last word in feminine fashions. "The Trespasser" affords the star opportunity to display all her skill.



The RISE OF DOROTHY REVIER

By Scoop Conlon

The Erstwhile Pride
of Poverty Row
Crashes the Big Time



*Dorothy Revier started
her career as a dancer.
Now she emotes in the
talking dramas.*

THE QUEEN OF POVERTY ROW' was the complimentary monicker that was fastened to the lovely Dorothy Revier along the Hollywood rialto a few years ago. Poverty Row in the movie capital is a short side street of little picture studios where 'quickie' pictures are turned out in six and seven days, and sometimes quicker. Hard work day and night is the rule in these 'get-rich-quick' movie factories. There is no such word as 'art.' Many a noted star, who has suddenly lost popularity and money, has had to slip down the little side street to pick up necessary shekels in Poverty Row. The heroine of this story budded and flowered in Poverty

Row, until lo and behold, she finds herself right up among the movie elite. Sounds like a fairy story, but it's true.

In fact, her story is synonymous with that of the Columbia Pictures company which is now considered one of the rising organizations in the motion picture industry. Columbia started on Poverty Row seven years ago, but the astute Cohn boys soon lifted it out of the little side street onto one of Hollywood's main studio thorough-fares three or four years ago. With them came their sole contract player, Dorothy Revier, who had been discovered in the interim.

Today, Columbia is a power (Continued on page 96)



The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

MARY BRIAN and NEIL HAMILTON in "Kibitzer"

Halloween Whoopee!



*All photographs of
Clara Bow by
Gene Robert Richee*



Oh, oh, Clara Bow! But if Clara chooses to impersonate the Spirit of Halloween it's perfectly all right with us, including rompers.



Clara, you can come and soap up SCREENLAND'S window any old time you feel like it. A Clara Bow auto graph is worth something



All photographs of
Nancy Carroll by Richee

Whoo! Also whist, and other Hal-
loween expressions! When you gaze
upon this picture of Nancy Carroll
in her midnight masquerade you will
have no difficulty in understanding
why she is our favorite spook.



Presenting Miss Nancy Carroll in her
own little version of "Halloween in
Hollywood," with spook and sound
accompaniment.



Gene Robert Richee

GEORGE BANCROFT has revolutionized this hero racket. He's always bold and often bad, but invariably hearty and human.



Gene Robert Richee

MIRIAM SEEGAR from the stage was so charming, optically and audibly, in her first picture that she has signed a long contract.



Wm. E. Thomas

L OVELY daughter of the Vikings, Jeanette Loff is one of the many screen-trained stars who have held their own in the talkie invasion.



Wm. E. Thomas

EDDIE QUILLAN is a refreshing young man. In his college comedies he manages to escape the curse of being too collegiate.



Russell Ball

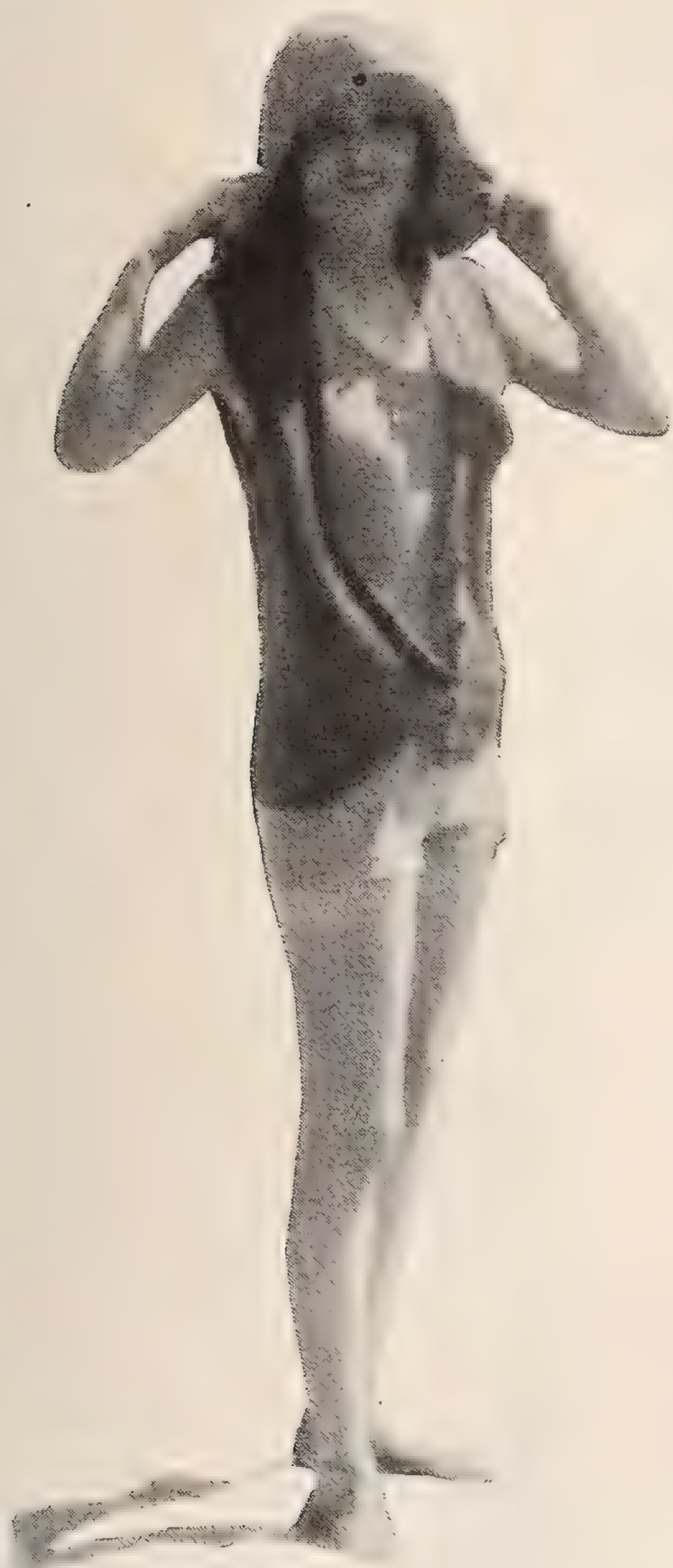
EVER since she was 'Sweet Alice' of Kalem pioneer days, Alice Joyce has ranked with the truly important picture personages.

Rediscovering ALICE JOYCE

By Sydney Valentine



Alice on vacation in her comfortable cabin at Malibu Beach, the picture stars' paradise on the Pacific.



Alice Joyce could always get a job at Mr. Sennett's if she tired of playing emotional mother rôles! Her latest picture is the all-dialog version of "The Green Goddess," with George Arliss.

SHE is one of Manhattan's smartest matrons. You see her at the Ritz at tea-time, wearing those terribly simple, terribly expensive clothes as only a New York woman who makes semi-annual trips to Paris can wear them. She lights sensible cigarettes with a discreetly monogrammed briquet, smoking casually. In summer she is fashionably suntanned. In the fall, her silver fox and her severe tailor are almost too perfect. She lunches at the Colony; she attends the better first nights of plays and talking pictures. She is the kind of woman who fits into the upper Fifties and whose address is practically certain to be Something-something Park Avenue. She is, in short, an exquisite.

Her name is Alice Joyce. Mrs. James Regan Jr. in private life. But if you were to pass her on the street today, you probably wouldn't recognize her—not if you carry a picture of her as the gentle mother of "The Squall," her latest release; or recall her in her rôles in "Beau Geste" and "Sorrell and Son." For Alice Joyce, in the cause of cinema art, deliberately maligns herself by playing her own great-aunt or grandmother! In "The Squall" she is cast as Carrol Nye's devoted and sorrowing mother. And a good performance she gives, too. But as it happens I saw Alice the day after the opening of that picture, and it was all I could do to keep from giving her a hearty shaking. For Alice was looking particularly lovely and young and sophisticated and delicately devilish in a frock that was extremely modern and smart, even for Alice.

"What a waste!" I sighed.

Alice, the slim princess of pictures, looked a little bewildered.

I explained the spelling. "May I ask," I demanded, "why you play old mothers, when you are only a very young mother yourself? Why you wear ugly aprons and pull your hair back and otherwise behave as if you are egging on Father Time to do his worst to your career? Why——"

"Because I like my work!" she said decidedly. "I wouldn't give it up for anything. It's part of me, and now that the talkies make it possible for me to use the voice I developed in my flyer on the stage, I'm keener than ever to keep on. I wouldn't leave pictures——"

(Continued on page 107)

HOLLYWOOD

"It's More Fun Living Your Bachelor Girl. "It's Nicer
Anita Page, Home

By David Strong



Alice White's home is a bachelor girl's heaven. "It's more restful having your own home," declares Alice.

"I'm level-headed!" says Alice White. "I know how to take care of myself."



ALICE WHITE and Anita Page are two of Hollywood's most popular 1929 model girls.

Anita lives with her father, mother, and little brother in a home-like apartment on Crescent Heights Boulevard.

Alice has her own *Casa Del Oriente* at the Patio del Moro court, where the Chinese-red front door opens on a bachelor-girl's heaven. A maid and a chow-puppy share the heaven but Alice is head of the house.

"It's more restful having your own home," declares Alice.

"It's more fun having your mother," insists Anita.

So we went into the matter!

It seems that Alice used to live with her grandfather and grandmother (her mother died when she was a child.)

"A couple of years ago, my uncle came out to visit. We had no extra room so I offered to give up mine temporarily and take an apartment," Alice explains, "and I liked my freedom so much that I never went back.

"Don't get me wrong. I'm crazy about my grandmother. She's a good sport. She always liked me to bring my friends home and have a grand time. She'd say, 'Well, it's your life. You've got to live it. Better make your own mistakes and profit or lose by them.' She never attempted to interfere with me.

"But you see, my living by myself is better for grandma. I have my vocalizing and my tap dancing and that's not so good for old people. In my own place I can squawk my head off and nobody can say a word.

FREEDOM!

Own Life!" says Alice White, Living at Home!" Retorts Girl. Who Wins?

Her baby brother is Anita Page's pride and joy. She taught him to read and is an all-round model big sister.

"One big advantage I find since I set up for myself is that I don't eat so much. Grandma was always fixing good things to eat and then tempting me to eat them and I had to fight fat all the time. Now there's nobody to care whether I eat at all so I keep my figure.

"Another thing — grandma was always worrying about my overworking. When I'd come home from the studio and flop into bed too tired to eat, she'd worry and worry, want to call a doctor—she couldn't let me alone. That wasn't good for her—or me, either.

"Then, you know how it is, a girl's phone is always ringing. Poor granny would have to come in from the garden fifty times a morning just to tell them I wasn't home.

"I don't think it's a good thing for all girls to be on their own. You have to have character. I see as much of my grandmother as I ever did—I call her up every day. I think more of her now I'm away than I did when I was with her.

"Lots of girls in this business would be better off without their mothers. Depends on the girl. I'm pretty level-headed. I know how to take care of myself!"

"I know how to take care of myself, too," replies Anita, "I don't depend on my mother for anything except companionship and love. It seems to me that the big thing is to have someone to share your triumphs and your troubles.

"Coming home to a bachelor apartment wouldn't appeal to me one bit. What would you do about all that had happened that day? Probably it depends on the kind of family you've been blessed with, but I happen to have the finest in the world.

"Mothers are people who understand everything. You need to tell someone the nice things that have been said, the good work you've done, the way you've won through something hard. Other people, even (Continued on page 106)



"I know how to take care of myself, too," says Anita Page. "But I like to depend upon my family for companionship and love."



Below: Anita with her father, mother, and brother—proving that a movie star can have a quiet home life, even in Hollywood!



What's Wrong

You Don't Have to Turn to the Back of the Book to Find the Answer—Just see Opposite Page!



Left: Seven out of ten girls do it—stand in this ungainly way. Note the bad lines of the body and the ungraceful balance of legs and hips.

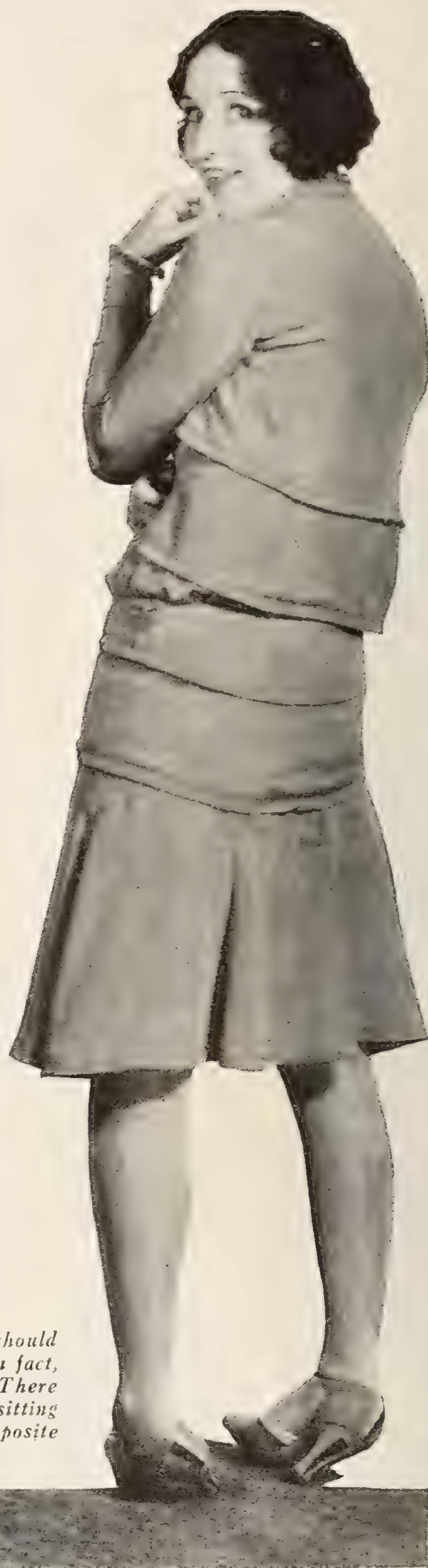
Lower left: The art of sitting with crossed legs went out for women with the arrival of short skirts. "Don't do this!" warns Julia.



Above: "Never hook your toes behind chair legs, if you would be graceful," says Miss Faye. All right, Julia!



Left: No lady should ever sit like this—in fact, no lady would! There are other ways of sitting comfortably—see opposite page.



How the well-brought-up young girl should not stand, above. Well, really, Julia!

with these Postures?

Julia Faye is Just an Old-Fashioned Girl, with Good Taste. She still Clings to her carriage!

Julia says she may be old-fashioned but that she is convinced this is the right way to stand by a chair. And she stands by it!

Lower right: Julia Faye poses in the correct posture for sitting and thinking. Pretty!



Above: cross the feet instead of the legs and you'll be just as comfortable and twice as right!



Right: a quiet evening at home with a book, and a comfortable knowledge that you look grand and graceful!



All photographs by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Now this is more like it! Julia Faye demonstrates erect posture and firm balance.



"The Virginian" troupe on location: Gary Cooper, Richard Arlen, Helen Ludlam, who worked 'extra,' Mary Brian, and director Victor Fleming.

ON LOCATION *with*

By Helen Ludlam

Screenland's Location Lady

THE VIRGINIAN" Special left at five o'clock on a Saturday afternoon with ninety or more souls on board, including SCREENLAND'S Location Lady. Gary Cooper, Dick Arlen and Victor Fleming had driven up in Gary's own car so that they could get in a good night's rest before the day's work.

I don't know where the Southern Pacific Railroad found that train, but I don't think they have made any like it since 1812! It seems that 'specials' aren't always what you would think.

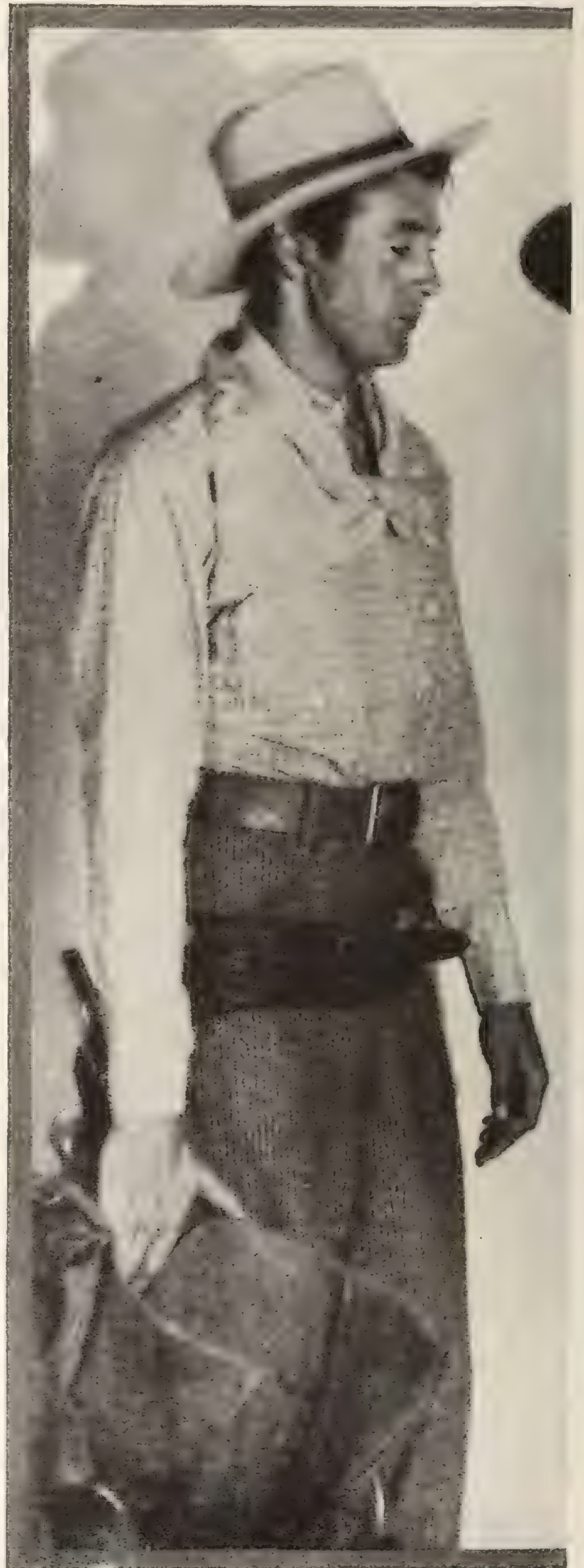
At five the next morning we were called; and as we were having breakfast a little before six, Henry Hathaway, Mr. Fleming's assistant, began peering out of the diner windows on both sides and muttering to himself, "This is it. Here's where we were to meet the trucks." But there were no trucks in sight so we all got off the train and sat ourselves down on the car tracks, the train having pulled out as we disembarked, taking the few people who did not work in this sequence on to Sonora—Mary Brian was one of these.

The scene was miles upon miles of grazing field, with all the grass dried up, divided by railroad tracks. There were patches of perfectly gorgeous purple flowers that rose surprisingly fresh and apparently very happy in the parched grass.

We were pretty sleepy so we all crouched down in a little gully between the tracks and the barbed wire fence to take it easy and keep out of the wind until Mr. Fleming and the trucks came. Their coming and subsequent 'set-up' occupied the next three hours. From somewhere appeared a collie who enjoyed the whole thing immensely. Victor Fleming tossed a few stones down the hill for him to catch and as the day became warmer the dog heaved and panted but never gave up in his desire to play. If no one would throw stones for him he would nose them down the hill himself.

Walter Huston, the original lead in "Desire Under the Elms," "Elmer the Great," and the featured player in the picture, "Gentlemen of the Press," had

"The Virginian" himself, in his screen incarnation—popular Gary Cooper, as the stalwart hero of the famous Owen Wister play, the rôle created on the stage by the late Dustin Farnum.



at Hollywood Parties

Cupid is the Most Popular Guest
at Screenland's Soirees



party. Standing, left to right: Dr. Stanely Eilers, Jimmie Fidler, Jeanette Loff, William Nick Stuart, Sue Carol, Edward Hillman, Jr. Alan Lane, and Mary Brian.

Just then we caught sight of Ramon Novarro, who has just come back from Europe, and we dashed over to greet him. He is looking very well, despite the fact that, all the time he was gone, he was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. He is very fond of his family, is Ramon, and the death of his younger brother, who was his pal all his life, was a source of great grief to him.

So he didn't sing in grand opera over in Europe, as he had expected, after all, which was, we could tell from the expression of his face as we talked to him, a disappointment to him.

"But Ramon is a fine pianist," Vernon told us afterward, "and he spends simply hours practicing when he isn't working in pictures."

I heard a masculine voice exclaim:

"Say, I cried at the wedding!" And looked around to

see William K. Howard, the director. Patsy told him that she bet he enjoyed doing it; or else he was jealous because it was a handsomer wedding than he had ever staged.

Eddie Lowe and Lilyan Tashman were there. They told us that they are still trying to find time for a vacation together, and in the meantime are having a grand time travelling in their minds, as they look over all the colored pamphlets concerning trips. At present Honolulu is their favorite, but probably it will be Alaska next time we see them.

"If there isn't Mae Marsh!" exclaimed Patsy, dashing off to talk to her. By the time I arrived, Mae was in the midst of the recital of how her three children had all just come through chicken-pox, and how they wouldn't let her, their mother, out of their sight no matter how many trained nurses were on the job. She said she was very tired, but she didn't look it. Indeed I think she's far prettier than in the old days of the wrack and strain of pictures.

"Oh, Ruth Roland on crutches!" cried Vernon, and was off to find out what had happened to her.

"And right in the very room," remarked Patsy, "where she herself was the lovely, triumphant bride such a short time ago!"

It turned out that poor Ruth had "stubbed her toe or something on a wave when she was in swimming the Sunday before," as Vernon explained.

Laura LaPlante was there with her husband, William Seiter, and we also greeted Julianne Johnston, Eddie Dillon, Lester Cole, Johnny Hines, Lloyd Hughes and Gloria Hope, Belle Baker, and scores of others.

Little Gloria Lloyd, Harold's small daughter, was among the guests, watching mama Mildred being photographed, and her nurse said she had been greatly interested in the marriage ceremony.

"I think it is lovely," remarked Patsy, "the way Harold and Mildred always take little Gloria about with them when they can."

May and Maurice went off on their happy-ever-after way, May throwing her bouquet. I think Irene Mayer caught it!

"CARMELITA GERAGHTY is giving a breakfast, and tennis and garden party on Sunday, and we simply wouldn't miss it, would we?" demanded Patsy.

That was a question with only one answer, and Sunday morning found us travelling under the lovely tree-shaded way of Franklin Avenue to the Chateau Elysee, the apartment house where Carmelita lives with her mother and father, and which stands under huge pepper trees, amid big lawns and gardens, so that it looks, with its French architecture, like a real old French chateau.

Carmelita is the loveliest hostess in the world, and looked charming in a thin figured gown, with a wide floppy hat.

"Just everybody in the world is here," confided Patsy, as we caught sight of the crowds gathered under the pepper trees in the garden. Inside, in a (Continued on page 94)



Left: Crane Wilbur, the matinée idol of the popular Pearl White Pathé serials. Old-time movie fans will remember him as the hero of the hour.

Right: Crane Wilbur today, who comes back to Hollywood as a successful creator of profitable plays. He's writing movies instead of acting in them.



The Return of an Idol

Crane Wilbur Comes Back to Pictures—
as a Playwright. Read his Reminiscences
of the Dear Old Days

By Bradford Nelson

“AND now—we have horseless actors!” Crane Wilbur, one of the earliest of the screen’s matinée idols, antedating even Francis X. Bushman, paused amid his playwrighting at the M-G-M studios and contemplated the past wherein he made feminine hearts of the world flutter. Now he’s doing it by proxy, for he writes and directs the plays that a younger generation of leading men enact. And — he gets a greater kick out of it than he did while acting before the camera himself.

“I suppose it’s natural,” remarked Wilbur, “to look back at the old days and declare that the younger generation has an easier time of it than we elders did. I know my father used to tell me that about his boyhood — and now I look at the new crop of screen idols—like Johnny Mack Brown, for instance, just coming up —and can’t help meditating on how less strenuous is their work today. Why,

today they hire actors without asking if he can ride a horse!

“It wasn’t that way when I got into the game. The first thing a man had to prove then was that he was a good horseman. Of course there was a reason, for two thirds of all the pictures I played in then were westerns, and in other types of pictures there were usually chases of some kind. The Pearl White serials kept a man on the move — horses, motorcycles — anything that got up speed. The theory in those days was that moving pictures had to move—and move they did.

“I remember once they had a motorcycle for me, and I had to dash madly along San Fernando road, chasing Slim Coles, ahead of me in another motorcycle, while the camera car ran behind us, and the camera ground on us from just over the driver’s seat. Every now and then the

(Continued on page 106)



Wilbur, idol of yesterday, writes his autograph for Johnny Mack Brown, idol of today, while director John Robertson looks on.



JUST a little love scene! Bebe Daniels and John Boles sing sweet duets in Radio Pictures' movie musical comedy, "Rio Rita."



Russell Ball

A NEW portrait of Edmund Lowe—polished gentleman and scholar in private life, ingratiating rough-neck on the screen.



MARY DUNCAN brought vivid beauty to silent pictures. Now, in the talkies, she becomes an entirely original personality.



Gene Robert Richee

JAMES HALL left a promising vocal career to come to Hollywood. Hollywood is now discovering its voice and Mr. Hall's.



Kahle

LOIS MORAN can play good girls with a dash of deviltry better than any other young woman on the screen. Lois is interestingly nice!



TOGETHER again! The lovers of "Seventh Heaven" are reunited in "Lucky Star," to the joy of Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell fans.

Short *and* Snappy

Short subjects in sound
are an important part
of the picture
program

*Below: Boyce Combe in Co-
lumbia's amusing "Parlor
Pests."*



*Sunny Jim stars in "His Bashful
Daddy," Universal short talkie
comedy.*



*Hope Hampton lends her beauty
and voice to the Vitaphone 'singies.'*



*Lloyd Hamilton has succumbed
to the talkies. Here he is with
Little Billy in Educational's
"His Baby Daze."*



*Above: Doris Roche and
Johnny Burke in "Over the
Top," Paramount's new four-
reel Magnafilm talking comedy.*



*Stan Laurel and Olive Hardy
in "Men of War," M-G-M short
talking comedy.*

HOW TO BUILD

By Cecil B. De Mille

The Famous Producer-Director
of "The Ten Commandments" and "The King
of Kings" Tells for the First Time Some of the
Secrets of his Craft



*Cecil B. De Mille has more screen successes
to his credit than any other director. He is
a master showman.*

MANY people seem to have the opinion that motion pictures come out of thin air! It is amazing how few look behind the entertainment they see on the screen, to ascertain just how its diverting values were built into it.

However, to those who enjoy the 'inside' details of a profession, the fundamentals of 'building' a motion picture have definite factors of interest.

Perhaps the best simile would compare the process to that which would exist if it were possible to take the individual component parts of a man, put them together, and breathe the breath of life into the structure thus gained.

To start a story, for instance, we lay out a number of 'ribs.' These 'ribs' are interesting situations. They are sequences of action, if you please, which individually differ from each other just in the way the various bones of the body have different size and texture according to their position and use.

As examples of 'ribs' let me cite the situation where the church crashes in on the crooked contractor's mother in "The Ten Commandments"; the escape by the Russian red with the girl he was to have killed, in "The Volga Boatman"; and the marriage of a man to a woman, seven hours before the time set for the man's execution, in my new film, "Dynamite."

These situations are vitally important, of course, but they are only the start. You can't hold the public's attention with them, alone.

Therefore, after we have assembled our 'ribs' and other 'bones,' or contributing situations, we arrange into the 'skeleton' of a story.

This is done by means of what Jeanie Macpherson and I call 'outline continuity.' This has no 'business' or incidental action. It takes the various situations and expresses them directly and without flourishes, simply to get a continuous flow of action. In this form there is no particular charm of grace to the structure. It has been put together, and that is all.

The 'skeleton' is then filled out. In the case of some thirty pictures Miss Macpherson has written for me, she would take the 'outline continuity,' usually written on yellow paper and therefore called, for short, 'the yellow' and prepare a second script on white paper. It is in this script that a story is given flesh and blood; little subtleties are placed in the scenes; refinement of detail.

The director's job is to breathe life into this finished structure, through the medium of actors and actresses playing out the various characters of the story.

Even then, however, our simile is not complete. We

A Screen Story

have a man, truly enough, but a man somewhat untrained in the ways of the world, an innocent who needs to be brought into contact with everyday life, with reality. The director, therefore, has the further duty of manicuring the nails of his 'child'; seeing that it should wear black shoes with tuxedo and sports shoes with white flannels, and so forth!

Yes, the building of a story is strangely like the process of building a man, if such a thing were possible. Certainly if the story we construct is not as living and as vital as the man himself, we have failed of our task, because no story has yet succeeded on the screen which has not touched the hearts of its beholders, in some definite way, through sheer force of humanity and naturalness.

The construction plans I have given you of 'yellow' and 'white' continuities are basic for all picture-making, whether silent or talking. Your 'yellow,' or 'skeleton,' must be your foundation. Your central situations must be correct, must hang together, or you can't tell your story.

In making our 'white,' however, we proceed differently for talking and silent versions.



Cecil De Mille directing Charles Bickford in an important episode in "Dynamite," the first C. B. De Mille all-talking picture.



Marion Davies drops in from her own set at M-G-M to watch Cecil De Mille direct Kay Johnson, his new leading lady, in a scene for "Dynamite."

The talkie 'white' naturally has full dialog. And because of its speeches, we can eliminate some action and some scenes which would be required if we did not have voice.

The silent 'white' tells its story in pure pantomime. Usually it requires about twice as many scenes. Scenes, furthermore, must be staged in a different manner, a manner depending more upon actions; upon the use of story-telling properties.

These differences, however, are merely matters of construction detail.

Basically, both talkie and silent versions must tell an entertaining story, or they will not be accepted.

Stories, like houses, must be built of good wood, carefully, and upon study and prearranged plans, or they will fall off their own weight. People who will tell you that 'inspiration' is the principal ingredient of a picture are merely being silly. Inspiration is important; but inspiration without creative plan cannot produce an acceptable result.

So when you see your next picture, do not think it sprang suddenly into being, like Phoenix from the flames.

It was built slowly and painstakingly, as must be the case with all true works of art.

The MERRY

By James V. Pond



Blonde and beautiful, Mary Eaton is the latest ex-Ziegfeld star to lose her heart to the movies.

THE funny thing about these Follies girls stories is that they are true! These 'rags to riches' romances really do take place. Believe it or not, truth is stranger than fiction. Ripley proved that when he collected a series of facts far stranger than any imaginative creations. Time was—perhaps is—when a diploma from Old Doctor Ziegfeld, or graduation from the Shuberts' Select School for Young Ladies was a surer passport to affluent success than a Harvard Phi Beta Kappa key. But the Old Doctor and the Professors Shubert are very particular about their pupils. It is harder to get in their classes than to get samples out of the Mint. For instance, there's the Case of Mary Eaton.

Mary's in the movies now. That's where all good actresses go. But before she crashed the golden gates of the cinema, she had to learn her facts—and figures. If you get what I mean. And she began in the little red school-house called Poli's Theater in Washington, D. C.

Now Washington wasn't Mary's home town. In fact it isn't anybody's home town. It's just a station stop between elections. Mary came from a country where 'corn' is something to drink. She was born in Norfolk, Virginia, where there are more Colonels than in a California walnut grove. But long before she knew 'Ziggy' was a man's name, the folks moved way up No'th to Washin'ton.

Even before gentlemen preferred them, Mary was a blonde. And that's how it happened that back in the days when she played in rompers instead of rehearsing in them she was signed up to enact all the kid rôles in the Poli Stock Company. The first part, by the way, was in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." And to this day when Mary feels sorry for herself—and don't we all—she snaps out of it with the memory of that classic line of Mrs. Wiggs: "Ain't you glad you ain't got a hare-lip!" Later she injected a bit of childish 'it' into "Little Lord Fauntleroy." But don't hold that against her.

With the Eatons, money meant something you were allowed to hold from Saturday night to Monday morning.

Then you handed it out like rain-checks to the milkman, iceman, grocerman, thief, gasman, butcherman, Indian chief. Ma Eaton got callouses on her thumb and forefinger from trying to hold back enough to carry her kids and herself to the big town. She knew that her seven children had theatrical talent. Time proved her more than fifty percent correct. Four of them have clicked—Pearl, Doris, Mary and Charlie.

Faith moves mountains, so they say. And in any event faith—the faith of Mrs. Eaton, together with a borrowed fifty dollars, brought the brood to New York. Not all at a time, but Eaton by Eaton.

At first Ma, Mary and Pearl settled down in one room and an alcove, and took turns listening for opportunity to rap at their third-floor-back. And sure enough, one day when Pearl was on watch, opportunity went through the well-known knocking routine, and as a result the family had a daughter in the Winter Garden Show. Like Monte Cristo, Mother Eaton held up a finger and counted 'One.'

Now to tell the truth, as a kid Mary was a kibitzer. Pearl's beaux used to send her out for jelly-beans. You know the type. And what was more natural than that



All the Merry Eatons! Mother Eaton surrounded by Charles and Mary, (standing) and Doris and Pearl. Each Eaton works in pictures now.

EATONS

And Mary in Particular, a Broadway Beauty Captured by Hollywood

she should tag along to Winter Garden rehearsals? There was nothing to do but to introduce the 'kid sister' around back-stage. She met Theodore Kosloff and Ivan Tarasoff, the ballet-masters. They agreed with Mother Eaton regarding Mary's potentialities. And they taught her how to dance. There was no money to pay. But that made no difference to these artists. Her lessons were free, gratis and for nothing. She worked hard. Her lesson was soon learned.

Miracles happen along the Lane of Light. But they take their time happening. So Mary appeared in many a minor rôle before she finally achieved an important part in "The Royal Vagabond." But after that things speeded up a bit. The Great Ziegfeld saw and signed her. It meant two years in the "Follies." And what a "Follies" show that was! Gilda Gray headed the list of beauties who had heads as well as legs, and used both to such good purpose that stardom on stage and screen was merely one of life's accomplishments. And Mother Eaton repeated the Monte Cristo gesture, counting 'Two.'

Yesterday's papers tell the rest. Eddie Cantor decided he just must have Mary to play opposite him in "Kid Boots." She signed for the run of the play—and it seemed that it would run forever. Crowds clamored for the kid who had come to town on a fifty-dollar bill and stayed to conquer Broadway. After "Kid Boots" came "Lucky"—the hit, not the Strike—and "The Five O'Clock Girl" followed.

Meantime funny noises were heard from Hollywood. Some one hollered "Betsy" from a silent drama screen. It was the shout heard round the world. Conrad Nagel galumphed from coast to coast in celluloid crying "The Talkies Are Coming!" Sure enough he was right. Overnight a ten-billion-dollar business went up in smoke, and Warners ruled the raves. Hearing it so frequently, the picture producers had come to believe that their stars were beautiful but dumb. Literally dumb. So they set about enlisting beauties with tongues—even though some of them signed for sound films with those tongues in their cheeks. Paramount beat the competition to it by making Mary a movie star.

Her first picture was "The Cocoanuts." In four warm weather weeks it took in \$130,000. In other words, it was something in the nature of a riot. Yet when contrary Mary saw herself upon the screen she came close to crying. Star of the stage though she was, there was a lot for her to learn before she joined the great moguls of moviedom. So Mary set out to learn it. She studied studio lighting. She experimented with make-up. She figured angles for her curves. She practiced pantomime. She combined her knowledge of the theater with what she knew about playing to an audience composed of cameras and microphones. She accepted this, rejected that—perfected her technique.



A studio romance! Millard Webb directed Mary Eaton in "Glorifying the American Girl." Now they're engaged.

Then out of the West came a Hollywood Lochinvar, an impulsive, talented duck named Millard Webb. He had the toughest assignment ever handed a film director. It had come to be a legend on the Paramount lot that a job connected with "Glorifying the American Girl" was equivalent to a finger pointing 'This Way Out.' It was a great idea for a picture. But there it ended. They couldn't get a story. They couldn't get a star. They couldn't get this and they couldn't get that. So on to the Long Island studios came Webb, with an assignment and a title for his picture. On the way East he wrote the story. When he reached New York he found the star. And she was Mary Eaton.

Like most of the movie men Webb's motto had been 'sign 'em, shoot 'em, and forget 'em.' But somehow the forgetting part didn't come so easy this time. Millard's thoughts of the film's action were oddly interspersed with close-ups of his star. One thing lead to another. And one night, Togo, Millard's slant-eyed house-boy, noticed his boss had a blonde hair on his shoulder, lip rouge on his cheek and a broad smile touching each ear. There was only one answer. Next day Togo quietly removed all other photographs and substituted varied poses of Mary Eaton. That ring she wears is Millard Webb's.

Well, they finished the picture. And it's a wow. It just couldn't help being a wow. No outside interference. Perfect understanding between star and director. And the exaltation of a prospective honeymoon for inspiration.

When Webb returned to the Cinema City, Mary, too, followed the course of Empire and wended her way Westward for a long-delayed visit to her mother and sister Doris and the rest who had heard the call of Hollywood before her. And it wouldn't be surprising if the visiting Iowans will have an unexpected treat this summer in the privilege of being right on the spot when Mary marries Millard.

Wise now in the ways of both screen and stage, Mary is using the utmost care and diligence in protecting the foothold she has won in filmdom. And Paramount is helping her in the realization that the studio has a Big Bet. The production chieftains have

(Continued on page 95)

Best Lines of the Month

Bits of Wit from the New Talkies



The scene shows Basil Rathbone and Herbert Bunston in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney."

From "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney"

Lord Elton (Herbert Bunston): "Well, personally, I prefer the word likeable to attractive."

Lord Dilling (Basil Rathbone): "I differ. To accuse a beautiful woman of being likeable is to suggest that her underclothes are made of linoleum."

From "The Sophomore"

Dutch (Russell Gleason): "Why did you take a chance and lose your \$200.00 tuition money shooting craps?"

Joe (Eddie Quillan): "Because I thought I might double it and learn twice that much!"

From "Smiling Irish Eyes"

George Prescott (Edward Earle): "Tell me, Sir Timothy, how in the world do you manage to keep two hundred employees contented?"

Sir Timothy (Robert E. O'Connor): "Contented? Don't you know that an Irishman is never contented except when he's discontented?"

From "Fast Life"

Douglas Stratton (Douglas Fairbanks Jr.) to Patricia (Loretta Young): "Gosh, Pat, it's a girl like you that makes boys like me like girls like you!"

A QUEEN *of* KINGS

Concerning Carlotta, One of
the New Sovereigns of Sound

By Sydney King Russell

EDITOR'S NOTE:—*Sydney King Russell is the husband of Carlotta King and the author of three books of poetry and a dozen concert songs.*

CARLOTTA KING was born singing! Her home abounded in music; as a child she habitually fell asleep to strains of melody. Before she reached the age of six she had made a public appearance before several thousand people. At eight, hearing her mother play strains of a current light opera she declared that when she grew up she, too, would sing just such music. Her sleep was often interrupted in order that she might sing for some guest of her parents a snatch of song from "The Chocolate Soldier." Though other duties summoned her she never wholly lost sight of her goal. At sixteen in high school she sang in "Ben Hur," carrying off the difficult soprano rôle with ease. Experts advised her to cultivate her voice under the proper guidance, but the time was not yet ripe.

The first time that I saw Carlotta King, and it was a momentous day for us both, I found her singing. The affair was a benefit, to which I had gone somewhat bored, and without anticipation of an interesting meeting. But the little lady with the wistful face who presently rose and sang caught my attention. It was only a ballad she was singing, but the beauty of her diction, the crystal purity of her tone, held me. And the young lady was very easy to look at!

"I want to meet that girl," I told the hostess and an introduction followed. A composer with several published songs, I was quickly interested in Carlotta, and my admiration deepened when I heard her sing my music. As the days went by we proved an incentive, a stimulus to one another in our chosen work.

A year later we were married and returned to New York, where in our new home music reigned supreme. We studied and worked, giving many concerts together. Just a few months after our wedding Carlotta was offered a tempting rôle in (Continued on page 108)

CARLOTTA

I have said all there is to say.
Slowly
I have drawn silence about me
Like a veil.
But I cannot shut you out
Nor the tenderness of your song.
Into the inmost veil of silence
Where no word has ever ventured
Your Carissima will follow me.
—Sydney King Russell

Miss King, who made
her screen debut in
"The Desert Song,"
will next be seen as
"Rose-Marie."



SUE! *Our Authentic*



Screenland's happiest engaged couple: Sue Carol and Nick Stuart. You'll see them as the co-stars of "Chasing Through Europe."

Hollywood Fame has Not Spoiled the Fresh, the Winsome, the Nice Little Girl who is Known as Sue Carol

Sue's mother had just gone home from her half-year visit with her daughter, who was a wee bit homesick at the departure.

"Nothing quite makes up for missing your mother," she declared. "I don't know what I'd do if I didn't have Nick's, too. She says she has three children—Nick and his brother and me, now Nick and I are engaged. Just putting on the clothes Mother brought for me makes me feel like a little girl on the first night away at school.

SUE CAROL lay among the pastel pillows of her chaise lounge, the telephone receiver snuggled to her ear.

"Hello!" She spoke into the transmitter, plaintively, although her eyes were dancing. "Is this Mr. Ross, the insurance man? Well, this is Mrs. Fizboom. Fizboom, yes, like a fire-cracker. I called you because I'm always taking out my teeth and laying them down and forgetting what I did with them, and what I want to know is—can you give me some insurance to cover that? Omigosh!"

Crash went the receiver. The pink came in a flood to her sunburned face while her red lips twitched into a mischievous smile over her perfectly good and perfectly beautiful teeth. Her eyes, still dancing, met mine.

"I didn't hear you come in," she explained. "I was just ragging Alice's husband." (Alice Ross is Sue's chaperone-housekeeper-friend-and-financial adviser, who has lived with Sue ever since she entered pictures.)

"I love playing jokes. It seems to me it's terribly important to be gay. People get such a lot out of laughing." She sprang up and began a few steps from the 'Break-away,' a bizarre little figure in the silk-and-lace of her lounging pajamas.

"Nick and I are learning tap-dancing," she confided. (Nick's last name is Stuart.) "It's fun. But it happened in a funny way. I was in the publicity office at the studio looking at stills when I came across some pictures of boys tap-dancing.

"Why don't you get Nick to pose for this?" I demanded.

"Does he tap-dance?" they asked.

"I thought Nick did everything, so I assured them he'd done it since he could walk. When I told him to report for stills, he was horrified. It seemed he could dance everything else but not that. So we're both learning. That was a joke on me!"



Sue's Sunday morning smile, when she can linger over her breakfast instead of hurrying off to the studio for a hard day's work.

Flapper

By
Ruth Tildesley

"Not a great grief, of course, because I'll see her again soon. But I believe in being light-hearted. You can think yourself blue in no time, so why shouldn't you think yourself gay? Somebody once told me there should be schools for happiness, because a good part of happiness is consciously being gay.

"Look, isn't this a gem?" She displayed a moleskin ensemble, part of the trunkful of clothes left by the much-missed mother.

"I love it, but I feel frightfully dignified in it." She paraded the length of the room in stately fashion, then spoiled the effect with a skip and a hop. "Maybe that's why I seem to be going in for serious subjects this morning. Like schools for happiness.

"Before you came in, I called Bob, my chauffeur. I'd told him to sleep late because I kept him up last night, so when I got him he was about half awake.

"This is Howard Strickling's secretary,' I told him. You know, Howard Strickling at M-G-M. Joan Crawford would like you to come out and have lunch with her.' I think he thought he was still dreaming. I went on to say that Joan had given me the message and that was all I knew about it, but I must have giggled a little, for Bob said: 'Right-O, Miss Carol!'

"A telephone is my big temptation," she caroled, as she led me down to the living room of her Los Feliz hills home. "The minute I see one I think of some trick I can play.

"Last night I was listening in on the radio and heard Arthur Lake talking. He's a champion kidder so I thought I'd kid him. I flew to the telephone, called the radio station and asked for Arthur.

"Oh, Arthur!" I languished, 'I've just been listening to your perfectly marvelous voice and I'm just crazy about you! I never heard anyone say such perfectly marvelous things and I'm simply slain by your perfectly marvelous personality!'

"I had the poor boy dizzy while I begged him to make a date with me. Then foolishly, I gave him my number to call me up. You can imagine Arthur!

"But Dave Rollins happened to be there with him and when he heard the number he recognized it as mine. I'm expecting them to retaliate."

She stood by the great studio window looking down over the wide-spread city.

"It's a lovely world, isn't it?" she glowed. "Nick's coming up to bring me my new shoes for tap-dancing." Any school for happiness that

(Continued on page 99)



The first and only profile portrait of Sue Carol. She thinks her profile is terrible and refused to pose, so the photographer snapped her anyway!

*Portrait by
Lansing Brown.*

In New



Victor McLaglen comes to New York on a vacation, wearing his Captain Flagg smile.

Left: Charles Ruggles, the Broadway comedian who has signed a long-term screen contract.

Lower left: Jack Buchanan, English matinée idol, who is Irene Bordoni's movie leading man.

What's Going On in Eastern Filmdom

MUCH excitement! Jack and Ina, honeymooners, spent a few crowded days in our midst. Everybody wanted to see them, of course—especially the New York friends of the bride. They wanted to see if California had changed the brisk, witty, wise, well-poised Ina Claire. California, screen stardom, and marriage to a motion picture idol! But they might have known that nothing could change her. She is a highly individual person, is Ina. Calm, yet colorful. Sophisticatedly smart, but kindly and charming.

When the Gilberts alighted from the train at the station, Ina proved at once that Hollywood has not impaired her impeccable clothes sense. She looked extremely Park Avenue in a blue ensemble with navy blue toque and shoes

to match. When she was asked if she missed Broadway out there in the wild movie west, she paused a second. "And do you like California?" someone else asked during the pause.

"Obviously," replied Ina, looking at Jack; adding saucily, still looking at her husband: "It's a great state!" Gilbert laughed: "I'm blushing!"

Both Jack and Ina declared there was nothing at all interesting and unusual about themselves—nothing different from the usual honeymoon couple going off to Europe! "We'll just travel a little, play a little, and fight a little!" Jack announced with his bad-boy twinkle. They plan to go to Paris first, then motor through the south of France and wind up in London, returning to this country around

York



Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbert—Ina Claire—on the first lap of their European honeymoon.

Right: Alice Terry, back home after a long absence making pictures in France.

Lower right: New York was glad to see Clive Brook again. He's making "Sherlock Holmes."



By Anne Bye

the first of October. Europe and its smart capitals is an old story to Ina, but it was Jack Gilbert's first trip abroad. I think he was slightly thrilled, though of course he masked his interest successfully behind his casual and scoffing manner.

Some day they may make a picture together, but that time is far off. Jack is tied up with Metro-Goldwyn, while Miss Claire is with Pathé. Her first talkie is "The Awful Truth," to be followed by "Negligee." Yes, the clothes for the latter picture will be purchased in Paris. Jack is quite humble about his work in his first talking picture, but Ina opines that he is exceptionally good in "Olympia."

I learned that it is one of Gilbert's ambitions to play

opposite his brilliant wife, some day, on the stage.

* * *

That nice Clive Brook came back to Manhattan—on business. Paramount decided to make "The Return of Sherlock Holmes" at the eastern sound studios, and Clive was called for the lead. He is always affable and obliging, but I gathered that he would have been just as pleased if his bosses had ordered his new picture made in California. He hated to leave his pretty wife and his two children, not to mention his tennis matches with Ronnie Colman and his other friends in Hollywood. He's hoping to be able to knock off work one of these afternoons to keep in trim on the courts. At first he supposed he was only to be here for five or six (Continued on page 110)

VERDICT: GUILTY

Raymond Hackett, the Boy Wonder, is Called Upon to Defend Himself on the Charge of Stealing the Best Juvenile Jobs in the Talkies

By
Robert Howard



Ray Hackett has been trouping since he was four years old. His California screen career was launched by "The Trial of Mary Dugan" and "Madame X."

RAYMOND HACKETT is guilty—of excellent performance in the talking pictures!

So ably did he defend his screen sister, Norma Shearer, in "The Trial of Mary Dugan," and his movie mother, Ruth Chatterton, in "Madame X," that the movie jury brought in a verdict of "Not guilty" for these ladies; and the public adopted the attorney for the defense as favorite juvenile of the talkies. Ray has arrived in Hollywood!

Although still a youngster in years, he is an old, seasoned troupier in experience. He made his first appearance on the stage at the tender age of four years. His mother, Florence Hackett, was widowed at twenty-one, with three babies to support. She tried her luck in the movies, working for Griffith at Biograph; and later she went on the stage.

So it was in the cards that Raymond, Albert, and Jeanette Hackett should earn their living in 'show business.' Where other children batted baseballs on corner lots, the Hacketts played under the feet of the stage doorman at whatever theater or studio happened to be their professional home at the time.

And now they are all successful: Raymond on both stage and screen; Albert in "Whoopee," on Broadway; and Jeanette, who has been a vaudeville headliner for a decade.

So it is that at an age when most young fellows are polishing up a shining 'frat' pin, or deciding whether to accept that job 'at the bottom,' boyish Ray Hackett is a big shot in American drama. He's long been a hit on the stage, and now he's being touted as a potential screen star.

Education?

He hasn't had any in the formal sense.

He has never been inside of public school, high-school or college.

Outside of three years with a tutor and two years in the New York Professional Children's School, he's learned everything he knows from the stage.

And what he knows!

Ask him about Lincoln—he's a veritable mine of information. He played Scott, the boy whom Lincoln pardons, in Drinkwater's play. He played the son of Lionel Barrymore in that other great drama of the Emancipator, "The Copperhead."

Ask him about Dicken's haunts, Stratford-on-Avon, Westminster Abbey—he can describe them with all the vividness of an actor.

For about the time that the average youngster is a sophomore in college, he was playing a featured rôle in "So This is London," in London.

Ask him about law—his long experience on the road with "The Trial of Mary Dugan" has taught him more about Blackstone than half of this year's legal graduates.

Ask him about women—he was two years the sensation of the somewhat raucous "Cradle Snatchers!"

When interviewed recently at the studios, between tests of make-up for his part as the *Simon Legree* of a comic "Uncle Tom's Cabin" troupe, a comment was made as to his rather unusual training.

Tall, very boyish, and quite shy, despite the fact that he has appeared before the public since the days of his rompers, Hackett ran his fingers through college cut hair and laughed on an embarrassed note. (Cont. on page 105)



K. O. Rahmn

DOUG AND MARY—TOGETHER!

Here they are, alone at last! Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks of Beverly Hills, California, offer their first co-starring motion picture, "The Taming of the Shrew," an all-talker, from the comedy by W. Shakespeare. The scene shows Doug as *Petruchio* and Mary as the capricious *Katherine*.

Let's Go to

"What Picture Shall We See Tonight?" Let
tion and Guide You to the Worth-While



The River of Romance

This romantic picture of days on the old Mississippi River is one of the most satisfying talkies on Broadway. You may have seen it some years ago as a silent film but nevertheless you will want to hear it in its talkie version. Buddy Rogers is the young southern boy who doesn't want to fight and leaves home with the stigma of cowardice attached to him. Mary Brian is his sweetheart, and I want to say, right here, that seldom have I seen love scenes of such beauty and tenderness as these two enact. Mary is lovely—a dream girl—and she really acts. Wallace Beery has a bag of new tricks. June Collyer, as the petulant southern beauty, shows a fine dramatic instinct. Henry B. Walthall, Fred Kohler and Natalie Kingston all have interesting parts. Don't overlook this one!



Pleasure Crazy

Kenneth MacKenna, Marguerite Churchill, Dorothy Burgess and Douglas Gilmore in an exciting society story, with a crook angle. MacKenna will win your heart. He has one of the most sex-appealing voices heard in talkies. Marguerite gives an excellent performance. Dorothy is exceedingly lovely, and Gilmore, as always, a grand villain. A good talkie.



Piccadilly

A real picture! With Gilda Gray and Anna May Wong pitted against each other, trying to dance their way into Jameson Thomas' heart. Piccadilly Circus, the night life center of London, staging a cabaret scene worthy of Ziegfeld. Limehouse dawns with murder and love creeping through the foggy darkness. Splendid cast. Splendid direction. An English picture.



Wonder of Women

To what low estate has our Lewis Stone fallen? Stone plays a concert pianist who loves the ladies. Peggy Woods as the wife is fine. Leila Hyams, as the charmer, is very prepossessing. Stone did his best as the mis-cast hero; but because of dumb dialog and a rambling story and weak action the film is unconvincing for the most part. We want to see Miss Wood again.



The Time, The Place, The Girl

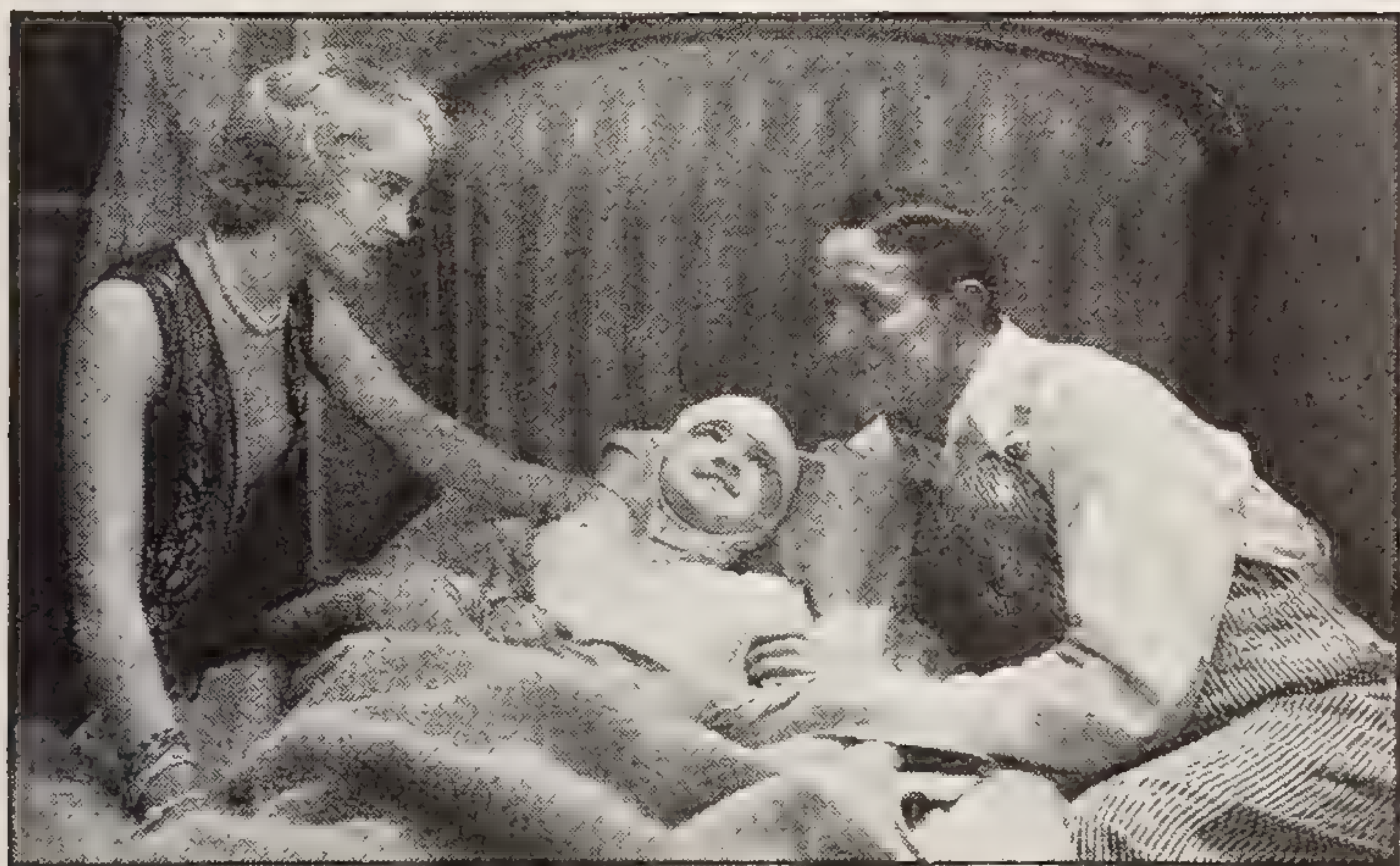
This excellently plotted talkie, from an old musical comedy, will make a hit with men and girls alike. Grant Withers, a football hero, gets mixed up in a bogus bond racket. Betty Compson, a gay lady, mixes him up worse. But Gertrude Olmstead saves Withers from a convict's striped kimono. James R. Kirkwood and Bert Roach show up well in comedy.

the Movies!

Screenland's Revuettes Answer Your Questions in Screen Entertainment, Talking or Silent

The Sophomore

Here's a rave, so get ready. "The Sophomore" is the best college picture you ever saw. It's a scream, a knockout. Eddie Quillan is the hero, and Sally O'Neil, the waitress heroine, who gets her heart broken because all of Eddie's swell fraternity friends walk out on him when he brings Sally to the frat dance. There's a big game, where Eddie saves the day, of course. But the smash of the evening comes when Eddie plays the heroine in the college dramatic show. With a pair of dumb-bells to fill out his chest, with golden ringlets, a princess dress and a falsetto voice, Quillan knocks the audience into spasms. Russell Gleason, Spec O'Donnell, Jeanette Loff and Stanley Smith gave good characterizations. But Eddie—well, Eddie is just about perfect!



Melody Lane

Eddie Leonard, for years a beloved vaudevillian, makes his debut in this dialog picture with songs. Unfortunately, this seems to combine the bad features of all previous films dealing with back-stage life. Josephine Dunn, Huntley Gordon, George Stone and Jane La Verne all work with Leonard in trying to put the picture over. Due to trite story material, the result is not successful.



Charming Sinners

Can this be "The Constant Wife" that we saw on the stage? Not exactly! It's a 'movie' adaptation which manages to preserve some of the freshness and charm of the original without quite clicking. All-talking, with Ruth Chatterton perfectly charming as the wife, Clive Brook amusing as the neglectful husband, William Powell as the 'other man' and Mary Nolan the beautiful 'other woman.'



Thunder

The one exciting spot in this slow-moving railroad melodrama is the climax, when Lon Chaney, cranky old engineer-hero, shouts: "Where there are tracks, I can go through," as he speeds his engine over rods, four feet deep in water, and triumphantly carries supplies to a flood-stricken area. Phyllis Haver and James Murray furnish the love interest.



Jazz Mamas

Color! Roses are red, violets are blue, lobsters are green and Fords' tint true in this, the first all-color, all-talkie two-reel comedy, made by Mack Sennett for Educational. There is a sea gull sequence in full color worthy of feature setting. A detective agency, shy on crime, steals the pearls—with yodels. See and hear the new Ford gag. You'll chortle!

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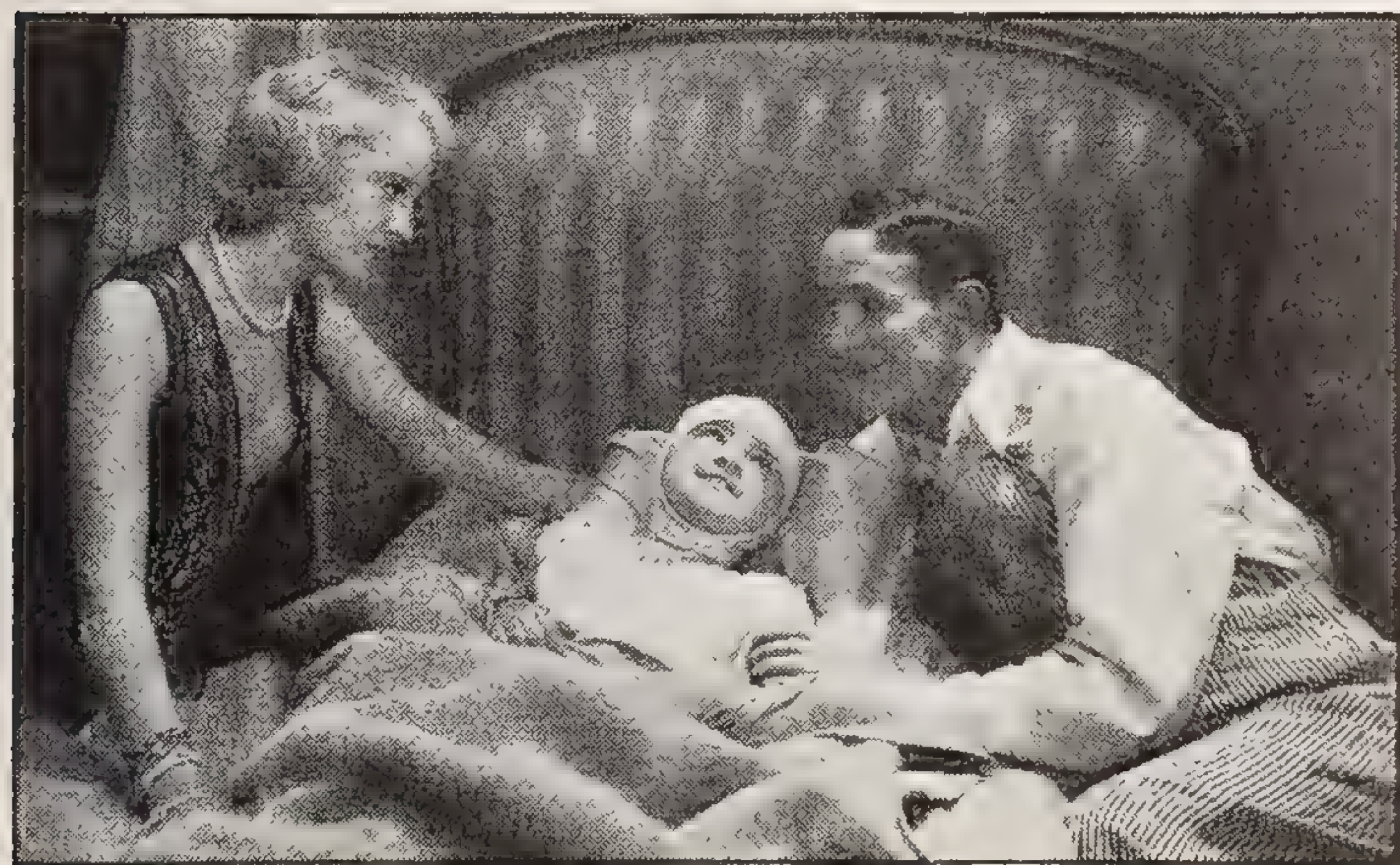
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Are You BLONDE

By

Anne Van Alstyne



Norma Shearer is a lovely representative of the medium type of feminine charm. Each type has its own complexion problems.

WHEN I planned this beauty talk I meant to be original and not even mention a best-seller that appeared a few years ago, the title of which stated conclusively that gentlemen preferred blondes. And my intentions still hold good except that I must say I never could quite make out whether the author of this book—herself a particularly fascinating type of brunette — really believed this statement or whether she just wanted to start something. If it was the latter, she succeeded. But when the storms of protests, arguments and flat disagreements had subsided not a thing had been proven. Some did, and some didn't. Prefer blondes, I mean.

How are we to know, anyway, which we prefer? And what difference does it make? Consider the screen heroines. Do we pick our favorite because she is a golden blonde or a ravishing brunette? Not at all. We are far more likely to pick her for some trifling, almost intangible thing—the set of her head, or the glance from her eyes, or some gesture of her hands—something that creates the illusion of charm yet has nothing to do with complexions.

And what about the famous beauties of old—the lovely ladies who broke up families—royal ones at that,

who wrecked empires or created them? Who knows whether they were blonde, brunette or in-between? What about Helen of Troy? Some hundreds of years after Paris absconded with Helen, or was it the other way 'round?—a poet inquired "Was this the face that launched a thousand ships?" Yet with all the talk about Helen, no one mentioned definitely whether she was light or dark. True, it is rumored that she was pink and white with yellow hair, blue eyes and curly, golden lashes. And I have heard it said that she was a strawberry blonde with brooding green eyes and raging red hair. Personally, I believe this is more likely to be true, for this type is nearly always clever, and we must admit that Helen was *that*. Yet she may have been the direct opposite, with blue-black hair, an ivory skin and turned-up nose. But why conjecture, and as I said before, what difference does it make?

The thing is, in this day and age, to know your skin



Nancy Carroll has the delicate white skin characteristic of the red-haired type. A complexion like Nancy's is born, not made—but it must be carefully cared for.

Or BRUNETTE?

Screenland's Beauty Authority Solves Some Problems of Complexion Care

and make the most of it—no matter what its color. Time was, when a blonde was a blonde, and if she didn't remain one, it was not her fault. She rode or walked, well-veiled from the sun. If she strolled about the park or sat on the beach she carried a parasol. To have been born with a blonde skin was an accident, but to keep it was a career.

The modern girl prefers a career of a different sort. She drives her own car, she rides, swims, plays golf and tennis in summer; she skates, skis and takes long tramps in winter. She protects the texture of her skin with creams and lotions, but she doesn't sacrifice her good times or health or her comfort to her complexion.

Blondes are becoming rarer all the time, and no wonder. It's a tremendous responsibility, and there's no guarantee on 'Once a blonde, a blonde forever.' None at all. You may be a blonde today, but unless you watch your shampoo and stay in out of the sun, nobody knows



The striking brunette may achieve smartness by wearing her hair sleek and straight. Dolores Del Rio is an outstanding example.



One of the most beautiful girls in or out of motion pictures is Vilma Banky. This star's skin is satin-smooth; but, like that of ordinary mortals, requires protective care.

what you will be tomorrow.

There is a fundamental difference in light and dark skins and they need quite different treatment. The dark-eyed, dark-haired girl suggests warmth and sunshine. Her hair is all the more lustrous for exposure to the sun's rays, and her complexion richer. She can expose her skin, if it's well protected, to extreme heat or extreme cold and show no ill effects. The girl with the thin, fair skin is infinitely at a disadvantage, if she seeks to retain that fairness. She cannot afford to expose herself to the full sunlight which fades yellow hair, inflames white skin or covers it with freckles. In winter, wind burns her skin and cold roughens it. Even though she is willing to relinquish her extreme fairness, she must be especially careful of her skin because, owing to its naturally fine texture, it may become permanently damaged.

I don't mean that the girl with a fair skin must forego all outdoor activities or spend hours every day coddling her complexion. But I do mean that she must give her skin protective care, no matter what the season; and she must not relax her vigilance even for a day.

Before going out in the open, and upon coming in from a day at the beach or tennis court, and equally in crisper weather, use a good

(Continued on page 98)

F A M O U S —

'Hectic Hollywood' Proves
Be Just as Loyal and Last-



Ernest Torrence and Jack Holt are particular pals. Both gentlemen, both tennis enthusiasts, both good actors.



Above: Phyllis Haver and Marie Prevost have been fast friends since their Sennett days.

Below: their screen rivalry doesn't interfere with their friendship. Anita Page and Joan Crawford fight for first place in "Our Modern Maidens" but off-screen they make up!



Left: Johnny Mack Brown, the boy from Alabama, and Charlie Farrell, the kid from Massachusetts, met in Hollywood and discovered mutual interests. Johnny is a favorite leading man for M-G-M while Charlie works for Mr. Fox.

and FRIENDLY!

that Film Friendships Can
ing as Main Street's!

Right: Joel McCrea, a newcomer to films, and Charles Bickford, a recruit from the Broadway stage, met on the Metro lot at Culver City. Now they are screen rivals and real friends.



Below: Dorothy Mackaill and Aileen Pringle. The blonde Miss Mackaill and the statuesque Miss Pringle are keen companions, each enjoying the other's lively wit and wisdom.



Above: Billy Haines and his best pal, Polly Moran. They are the champion kidders of Hollywood.



Right: May McAvoy and Lois Wilson. Lois is May's most admiring fan, while May thinks Lois the most talented screen actress. Incidentally, Lois takes some of the credit for May's romance with Maurice Cleary. She played the part of Cupid!

HOT

from

Studio News!



Laura La Plante gets her beach tan from the powerful lights on the set at the studio, because she was too busy working to take a vacation.

CUPID has been beside himself in Hollywood! The summer weddings were followed by a flock of engagements. Clara Bow got herself engaged and this time they say it is going to take. Harry Richman, the wealthy New York night-club man so popular in the musical comedy field, is just handsome and jolly and bossy enough to make Clara think that he is the answer to every maiden's prayer, as far as she is concerned. But you never know with Clara. You never know! In the meantime the wedding is set for September.

So is Patsy Ruth Miller's to Tay Garnett.

Anita Stewart was married to George Converse. The

wedding took place in the patio of the Chateau Elysee, the new apartment hotel on Tamarind Street that shelters so many stars. When they return, Mr. and Mrs. Converse will domicile at the Chateau.

And then there is Harry Langdon. He was married to Helen Walton, a Toledo, Ohio, girl whom he met in Hollywood. Harry has been hustling through his picture at the Hal Roach studios, the second on a long-term contract, so that he could get away for a brief honeymoon. The Langdons will motor through Canada.

At a meeting of The Regulars, a club to which many of the girl stars belong, Marian Nixon announced her engagement to Edward Hillman, Jr. They will be married very quietly just as soon as Marian finishes her present picture, "Young Nowhere," in which she plays the lead opposite Richard Barthelmess. The engaged couple have tentatively booked passage to Europe for their honeymoon on the twentieth of August and the fifth of September, and will take the first sailing the finish of "Young Nowhere" will permit.

* * *

There is a new and striking personality on the screen: Charles Bickford. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picked him for a winner and signed him to a long-term contract before "Dynamite," his first picture for Cecil De Mille, ever saw the light of day. But the general opinion out here seems to be that he is over. Kay Johnson is another winner. Both are sincere, both know their stuff and both



Harry Langdon and his bride, the former Helen Walton of Toledo, Ohio. The comedian filed his intention to wed twenty-four hours after receiving his final divorce decree from the former Missus. Yes—Harry wears cheaters in real life.

HOLLYWOOD

Star Gossip!

have that indescribable and lovely thing called charm. We don't know yet what they are going to do next but whatever it is, we'll be there! And if it doesn't happen soon we'll see "Dynamite" a few more times, because it's a swell show.

* * *

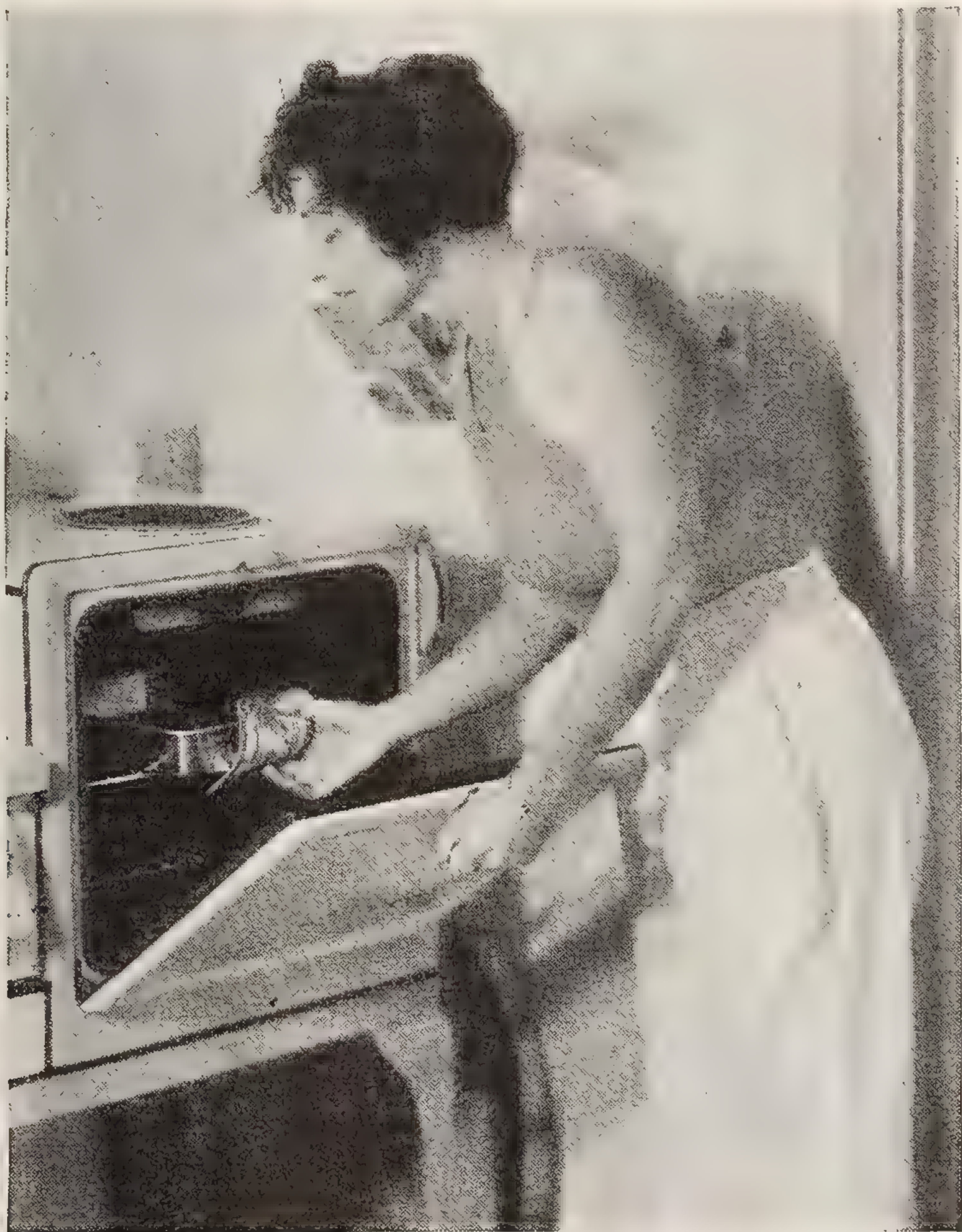
During the four hottest days of the year the Coronation scene in "General Crack," the John Barrymore feature directed by Alan Crosland, was shot. The thermometer registered ninety-five, believe it or not.

The scene was gorgeous. It was the best costuming job I have seen out here. About one hundred of the costumes were particularly beautiful. And the girls! In their powdered wigs and stately gowns, how dazzling they were, and how cool they looked—and how wilted they felt! In the old days of the silent drama it might not have been so bad, but in these talkie times the doors have to be shut for sound. And then when the lights and the technicolor lights are on full blast—well, you can imagine!

Jack Barrymore looked very handsome and very devilish in his costume and one young lady was perfectly fascinated by Lowell Sherman's pink garters. They did look neat.



Vilma Banky devotes eight hours a day to perfecting her English, under the guidance of Jane Manner, instructor in dialog. Say "Ah!", Vilma.



Polly want a cracker? Why should Polly want a cracker when she is perfectly capable of baking a good cake? Miss Frederick, demon tragedienne, really can cook, though you might not believe it to look at the empty pan she is placing in the oven!

The girls' costumes were very low in the neck, while the men's were buttoned up to the ears. But the moment the lights went off—off came the men's coats, while the girls had to endure their velvet gowns! They got one tiny bit of satisfaction, though. The hoop skirts, if swung back and forth, made grand fans! One gown worn by Natacha Giltzen, a Russian girl of noble birth discovered by Elinor Glyn, was particularly striking. It was cherry velvet with dull silver lace at the neck and falling gracefully from the elbows. She was ablaze with jewels (paste!) Natacha has a small, piquant face and a haughty little head, but her eyes and her smile are friendly.

When a director has as much on his shoulders as Alan Crosland he is smart if he keeps calm, and Mr. Crosland did. He had to direct the huge gathering by means of a telephone microphone and the calmness of his voice had a soothing effect upon his people whose nerves were pretty ragged.

And Marian Nixon! Those of you who admire her should have seen her in that pale blue chiffon velvet gown exquisitely embroidered with seed pearls. A coronet of diamonds rested on her smartly coifed white wig. She looked like a dresden-china doll, so tiny and fragile.

* * *

The craze for realism turned some two hundred school-boys loose on the Paramount lot as actors last week. The picture was "Sweetie" starring Nancy Carroll, and the locale, a high-school campus. The only way they could make the thing look real was to have boys from the Fairfax High put the

true college flavor into the yells and class songs. They enjoyed it, too.

* * *

The ventilators didn't seem to be functioning on the sound stage Richard Dix was working on the other day. The other stages were lovely and cool, but Richard's was terrible. The lights were blazing down on the popular star's defenceless head and he had a handkerchief tucked in his neck to protect his collar until they were ready to take the scene. For some reason the lights had not been turned off during the wait. "Must you boil 'em?" he asked. The lights were switched off.

* * *

June Collyer is playing opposite Richard in his last picture for Paramount before he takes up his new contract with RKO. We felt very brilliant that afternoon and asked June how she liked working on the Paramount lot. Whereupon June beamed and said she adored it.

It's a funny thing, but Buddy Rogers' face lights up the same way when June's name is mentioned.

* * *

A very picturesque scene was in progress at the Mack Sennett Studios, a portion of which has been rented by Tiffany-Stahl, for "Mr. Antonio," featuring Leo Carillo and Virginia Valli. It is the picturization of the play in which Otis Skinner starred, and I am sure that you will find Mr. Carillo just as charming.

The set, though built on a sound stage, represented a sheltered bit of wood which several Italians had picked for their camp. They carried along with them a donkey and a white cockatoo. Virginia Valli, tired and hungry, stumbles on this camp and is invited to supper by Tony.

We couldn't do much chattering on the set because they were all working steadily but at lunch hour we went with Virginia Valli, James Flood, the director, and Leo Carillo to an attractive little Inn near the studio which is far



Norma Talmadge's chic coiffure receives the finishing touches at the hands of the star's personal hair-dresser, Nina Roberts, before Norma goes on the set to make the final scenes for "New York Nights," her first talkie.

away from Hollywood and all its hustle and bustle. Jimmy and Leo treat Virginia like a kid sister, tease her unmercifully, and she loves it. "What a relief to work with jolly people," she told me as we drove over in her little new Ford. "It makes life so much happier and easier."

I've heard of artists of one kind or another being temperamental but I never heard of not being able to get fried eggs at any Inn. Mr. Flood wanted fried eggs, but no matter what he said or how he said it the only kind of eggs he could get at that Inn were deviled eggs. So deviled eggs he took.

"Now that Anna May Wong is out of town you ought to be able to get a job in pictures," said Jimmy to the pretty waitress.

"She's not Anna May Wong. She's Theda Bara," said Leo. "Come on over to the studio this afternoon and we'll take a test of you." But the girl ran off giggling and embarrassed.

"Zizz-zz-zz-zz!" went Leo, looking all over for an imaginary mosquito. "Zizz-zz!" And whang! his hand came down on Virginia Valli's forehead.

"Why my forehead?" asked Virginia ruefully stroking her frontal extremity.



This set for "General Crack," the first John Barrymore talking picture, directed by Alan Crosland, employed over 400 extras and used more lights than ever before on one set. The picture is being filmed in technicolor.



Two justly famous California products: sunshine and Charles Farrell. Charlie takes a sun-bath on the lawn of his brand-new home at Toluca Lake.

"Because it looks too noble for a mosquito to attack unmolested!" Leo replied with a bow.

"Idiot," laughed Virginia.

The little waitress reappeared with coffee and pie.

"I think you are mean to tease me," she said blushing. "If I had a profile like *that*, I might think of going into pictures."

Leo scanned Virginia's lovely face disapprovingly.

"If you call *that* a profile, baby," he said, "you should see the cockatoo on our set!"

* * *

There is a hill in Hollywood where several famous bachelors live and swear to remain unwed upon it. One by one they have come down until only a few are left. It was said that William Powell had joined the backsliders. We happened to be at the studio when the news reached Bill. "Isn't that interesting," he said. "I didn't know anything about it, but it is interesting. Perhaps more so in contemplation than realization."

But all jokes aside, Bill is perfectly satisfied with his hill-top and while he didn't say so, I rather imagine he prefers single blessedness to married bliss. Not that he has anything against marriage, but he just figures that there are some folks better fitted to jog along in single harness than in a tandem.

* * *

Richard Dix's advice to girls about how to get your man. In pictures, of course. Rule one: don't let the man know you are in love with him. Rule two: keep yourself scarce. Rule three: make him jealous.

And, girls, Richard's a bachelor!

Why is it that winter scenes are always taken in summer and summer scenes in winter? On some of the hottest summer days the Harry Langdon company was doing Alaskan scenes on Hal Roach's back lot. Furs? Sure, and everything. Thelma Todd moved about in a bear-skin coat that did more to preserve her girlish figure than two eighteen-day diets would.

The picture over, she is leaving for a visit to Boston and parts east. "Why don't you do something handsome for the old home town while you're there?" chaffed a friend, "like rebuilding the school-house or whatever noble thing Henry Ford did for his town."

"Well, I'm really going back to lift the mortgages off the old homestead!" said Thelma with serious eyes.

* * *

Some comedy sets are painfully serious but on the Langdon set, Harry, Thelma Todd and Bobby Dunn are always wise-cracking.

The day before we were there Thelma had to eat a whole can of sardines.

"How terrible!" we exclaimed.

But Thelma didn't feel at all sorry for herself.

"Now you know you like sardines," she said. "What's terrible about that?"

"They are terrible in the morning, and terrible any time unless drenched with lemon. You couldn't very well have lemon on them because lemons don't grow in the ice."

"Oh, well," said Thelma briskly, "I just squeezed Bobby."

Harry Langdon, of course, falls in the hole in the ice. And when he emerges he is hugging a good-sized fish to his heart. Scrambling up on the ice bank he puts the fish across his knee and spansks it. Then taking it in his hands in his inimitable way he says, "You little dickens you!" Could anyone but Harry get away with a thing like that



Billy Haines blocked traffic when he and his company, under Harry Beaumont's direction, went to Indianapolis to film street and racing scenes for "Speedway." The Hoosier capital turned out to watch the movie makers at work.



Mr. and Mrs. Paul Page, honeymooners. Paul and his bride, Ethel Allis, met six years ago when both appeared in vaudeville.

and almost make you believe it? The fish squawks in protest when he spansks it, too—it's a talkie!

* * *

Fredric March, who plays the husband in "Paris Bound," directed by E. H. Griffith, said the only time he ever really suffered terribly from stage fright was one night during the run of "The Royal Family" in Los Angeles. The old door-man came to Fred's dressing room and said, "You'd better be good tonight, lad. He's out front!" He being Jack Barrymore. Everyone knows that the play is supposed to have been inspired by the goings on of the Barrymore family and that Ethel had been furious over it. Fred played the brother who was John Barrymore.

"What I suffered that night! But, mercifully, after the second act Jack came around chuckling and told me the whole thing was very amusing."

* * *

There is a certain little spot on Fountain Avenue in Hollywood where you will see a sign, 'Little Tooting.'

A few English actors and artists have gradually settled there, the first among them being, I believe, Lionel Belmore. Then Eric Snowdon, who is not in pictures, but has made several outstanding hits recently on the local stage and brings with him a rich experience as actor and stage manager for Sir Herbert Beer-



Florenz Ziegfeld and Samuel Goldwyn are to bring the Ziegfeld 'Follies' to the films. They have formed a company to produce all-talking, all-color pictures.

bohm Tree. Next to Eric lives Alfred Tennyson, twin brother of Laurence and descendant of England's Poet Laureate, and Eric Stacey. Both boys are in pictures.

They have a sort of community table, all being bachelors. Breakfast is in one house, luncheon in another, tea in another and dinner in another. It just depends upon who is at home and has the time to fuss. Lionel Belmore has been working so hard and so late at night that the mess hall has seen but little of him. He is now in "The Love Parade" with Chevalier.

We happened by the other night after the theater, and seeing the lights, waved hello. "Come on in and bring the crowd. We're making goulash," called Eric. Sure enough he had on the red fez that always means with Eric that there are Things On The Stove, and Lionel had on the dressing gown and stocking cap that mean the same thing.

There are visitors to Little Tooting, sort of honorary non-resident members, so to speak. The most faithful of these are Joseph Schildkraut and Lawford Davidson, but Victor MacLaglen is



Paul Whiteman takes his cue! The theme song craze is on and he promises to give us plenty in "The King of Jazz."

becoming one of the old reliables.

* * *

As everyone knows, Lon Chaney has been fighting the talkies. Lon's reticence and dislike of exploiting or even revealing his real personality on the screen extends even to his voice. He thinks illusion is the charm of drama and he doesn't want reality to stalk too near. This only applies to himself however. He wants the story to be true to life and logical. But when he is

acting he is not Lon Chaney, he is somebody else; and he doesn't want Lon Chaney intruding.

Now he has consented to appear in the talkies if a story can be found that will give him an opportunity to use several different voices so that his own will be lost in the shuffle. And that, between you and me, is why he stepped out of the "The Bugle Song" and is going to take a much needed vacation while the studio hunts for a suitable story for him.

Lon suggested that he play a deaf mute in a talking picture, but someone else thought a ventriloquist would be better. So we'll see.

* * *

Seems to be a lot of information concerning bachelors in this department this month, but speaking of them and that hilltop, the one who lives on the very brow of it is



Joan Bennett with Barbara Ann and Beverly Ann Bustetter, twins, who worked in the 'bawlie' scenes of "Three Live Ghosts."

in danger of toppling. Meaning Ronald Colman. Oh, nothing serious of course, but just the same Ronnie thinks Joan Bennett is a nice kid. Not his words at all—ours. His are: "Well, how is the divine lady to-day?" And he takes Joan lots of places.

* * *

Wesley Ruggles, who will direct Ronald Colman in "Condemned to Devil's Island," gave a housewarming at his Malibu Beach home. It is the most charming duplex with a back yard full of flowers, and a lawn and a front yard full of sand and the ocean!

"Look at Clara," said Lila Lee. Sure



Ludwig Berger greets Dennis King, who is in Hollywood to play his original rôle in the talkie version of "The Vagabond King," under Berger's direction.

enough, there was Clara Bow sitting in her front yard which adjoins Wesley's wiping the sand from her little brown toes. She had on a scarlet bathing suit and her flaming hair catching the rays of the sun made her look like a little red candle. Clara had come to her beach house for a rest, so no one did more than wave to her over the fence.

John Boles and Kathryn Crawford sang a duet. Everyone knows John can sing, but Kathryn's beautiful voice was a surprise to some of us. We asked Bebe Daniels to show off her lately acquired vocal training but the "Rio Rita" company worked that night and John and Bebe, who came with Ben Lyon, trouped off early.

Viola Dana doesn't look a day older than when I last saw her ten seasons ago. She is as brown as a coffee berry and wears her hair in a long bob which curls in luxuriant waves about her vivid face and neck.

* * *

For no particular reason, except that they did go places together for awhile, when one see Viola Dana one thinks of Rex Lease. Rex and Bob Gilbert, a song writer, have taken a place in Laurel Canyon and the other night they warmed the place with a weenie roast.

* * *

Rudy Vallee, singing idol of the stage, radio and night club, is making a tabloid musical comedy.



Al Jolson, Davy Lee and Lloyd Bacon between scenes of "Say It With Songs." This same trio gave us "The Singing Fool."

ASK ME!

An Answer Department of Information about Screen Plays and Players

By Miss Vee Dee

Miss Vee Dee will be glad to answer any questions you may care to ask about pictures and picture people. If you wish an answer in the Magazine, please be patient and await your turn; but if you prefer a personal reply by mail, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address: Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.



Miss Vee Dee's readers collect autographed photographs of Edmund Lowe, and Eddie collects prize-winning wire-haired terriers! Here is the star with Champ, officially known as Champion of Knotts, Jr., and Snoop, otherwise Rover of Sidlaw, and the cups they have won.

WILLIAM HAINES FAN, Pittsburgh, Pa. What do I do besides answer questions? I knew that was coming to me — well, in my spare moments, when the pile of fan letters dwindle down to a mere bagatelle, if you know what I mean and I hope you do, I exchange wise-cracks with the office cat. Billy Haines played opposite Norma Shearer in "Tower of Lies." He also played with Eleanor Boardman in "Memory Lane" and with Bessie Love in "Lovey Mary." Bebe Daniels' films for 1927 were "A Kiss in a Taxi," "Senorita," "Swim, Girl, Swim," and "She's a Sheik."

Wilhemina K. from Manville, N. J. So you've been watching me very closely, have you? That's all right, I don't mind; I can stand close inspection. You can write to Norma Shearer at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Lois Moran and Mary Astor at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. is appearing in "Our Modern Maidens" with Joan Crawford, a M-G-M production. Priscilla Dean is the wife of Leslie P. Arnold, a round-the-world aviator.

Mary G. of Indianapolis. You think you met me some place, do you? I wouldn't be surprised; I've been places. Nelson Keys was Lord Montgomery in "Tiptoes" with Dorothy Gish and Will Rogers. Bob Custer was born October 18, 1900, at Frankford, Ky. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 170 pounds and has brown hair and hazel eyes. His wife is Anne Elizabeth Cudahy. One of his latest films, "Galloping Thunder," was with Ann Sheridan.

G. H., Marietta, Ohio. You want your 'star measurements' right down to the ground, don't you? Can't the girls be weighed and measured in their—er—chiffon-ery? Oh, have a heart! Molly O'Day is 5 feet 2½ inches tall. Dolores Costello is 5 feet 4 inches, Marceline Day is 5 feet 3 inches, Sally Blane is 5 feet 4½ inches and Edna Marion is 5 feet 1 inch tall.

Ruth from Old Virginia. You couldn't wear your welcome out on my door mat, so drop in any time, there's always a place to park your personality. Clifford Holland played opposite Olive Borden in "The Secret Studio" and Ben Bard was the naughty artist. The present Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. (Mary Pickford) is not Doug. Jr.'s mother. His mother is Mrs. Beth Sully Evans, first wife of Douglas, Sr. Have I made that clear? Lawrence Gray is 30 years old. He has blue-green eyes, brown hair, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 180 pounds. Larry is not married.

Five Girls from Cleveland. That's my notion of a big splash. As long as you confine your questions to a mere one hundred, you're the spoon in my coffee. Mary Astor has auburn hair and dark brown eyes. Billie Dove has dark brown hair and eyes. Norma Shearer has brown hair and blue eyes. You can reach Lloyd Hughes at 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Cal. Richard Dix and Gary Cooper at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Barbara Kent at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

H. B. H. of Corfu, N. Y. Your praise

of my department cheers me wonderfully and I always pay strict attention to cheers. Now give the little lady another big hand (my other two are busy) and plenty of huzzas! Don't run out of huzzas. Your favorite, Robert Fraser, was born in Worcester, Mass. He is 5 feet 11½ inches tall, weighs 168 pounds and has brown eyes and black hair. His wife is Mildred Bright, a professional. One of his latest films, "The City of Purple Dreams," was made with Barbara Bedford in the cast.

Bubbles from Boston. Are you one of those Venus de Milo girls—"Hands off!"—you know? No, I'm never mistaken when I give the world my famous chatter—but sometimes misprints occur as in the case of Gardner James in the January issue. Allow me to change Gardner's figure. He is 5 feet 8 inches tall and weighs 139 pounds. Home, James!

A Navarro Fan from Toronto. Am I a Mrs. or a Mr.? I'm just a plain Miss. I always figure that having no luck at all is better than having bad luck, so why change it? Ramon Navarro was born in Durango, Mexico, on February 6, 1900. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 8 inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. He is very musical—sings, plays, dances well—and what in Hollywood doesn't he do well? Gary Cooper was born May 6, 1901, in Helena, Mont. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 180 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes, two rows of swell teeth and a cleft in his chin. Take your bow, Gary.

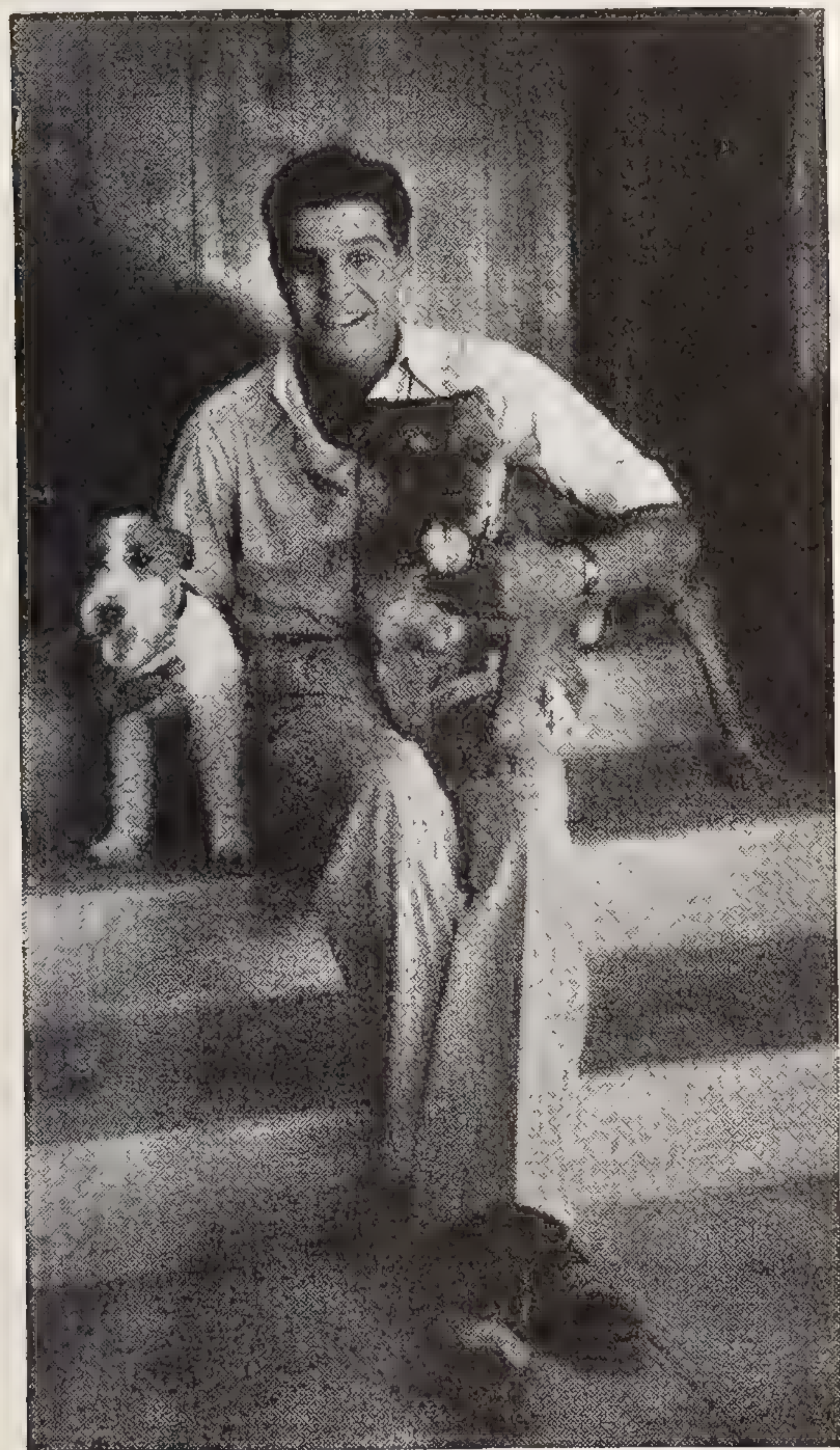
Florence R. of Johnstown, Pa. You have my permission to write as often as

you like—I'll reply as quickly as possible but the waiting list grows longer and time grows shorter as I grow older. Just growing pains—don't try to stop me! "China Bound" was the working title for "Across to Singapore" with Ramon Novarro and Joan Crawford.

M. A. from Foxboro, Mass. Yoo-ho, Maggie, come on over! Of course you can take a chance on my column or a whack at it—one good whack deserves another. Nancy Carroll has auburn hair and blue eyes. She was born in New York City, November 19, 1906. Josephine Dunn is 5 feet 3½ inches tall and has golden hair and blue eyes. Miss Dunn is a nice, sweet girl even if they do make her such an 'old meanie' in so many pictures. Ramon Novarro is not married to Elsie Janis. Ramon and Elsie are both enjoying the single life.

Jerry of Oregon. Aren't you the thrifty soul to get all this information for two pennies, and then hope you'll get your money's worth? To show you I'm not muscle bound, get under the wire. Robert Agnew was born in Dayton, Ky., in 1899. He has brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 8½ inches tall and weighs 145 pounds. You can reach Clara Bow at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Mary C. of Washington, D. C. You sincerely hope my information will be satisfactory. It's going to be too bad if it isn't. Camilla Horn has made two pictures with John Barrymore at United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. "Tempest" and the last release was "Eternal Love." Camilla was born April 25, 1908, at Frankfurt-on-Main, Germany. She weighs 120 pounds, is 5 feet 5 inches tall and has blonde hair and hazel eyes. John Gilbert is married to



George Lewis, star of "The Collegians," is one of the most popular stars with our readers this month. Here's George with his prize pups.

Ina Claire, stage actress, now in talkies. David Lee has made several films since "The Singing Fool" with Al Jolson. He plays in "Frozen River," "She Knew Men," and "Sonny Boy." In his first starring film, "Sonny Boy," he is supported by Betty Bronson and Edward Everett Horton.

A. M. A., Fort Bayard, New Mexico. You'll see more of Mae Murray in her next film, "Peacock Alley" to be produced by Tiffany-Stahl, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Yes, the same story she did before, but this time a talkie-singie-dancie. Mae has been on the stage for some time but has decided to give the film fans a chance to unload a lot of enthusiasm in her behalf. She was born May 10, 1893. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. In "Sackcloth and Scarlet," released in 1925, Orville Caldwell played opposite Alice Terry and Dorothy Sebastian was the wayward sister.

Stanley S. of Freewater, Oregon. The girls in pictures do not always have the same leading man except in the cases of co-starring teams. Clara Bow, Alice White, Colleen Moore and many others shift their film affections like nobody's business. Neil Hamilton plays opposite Colleen in "Why Be Good?" Richard Arlen plays with Clara Bow in her latest release, "Dangerous Curves." Jack Mulhall is Alice White's best man in "Naughty Baby." Marian Nixon was born October 20, 1904. Lupe Velez was born July 18, 1904. Her real name is Marie Villalobos and her birthplace, San Luis Potosi, Mexico. Marion Davies was born January 3, 1900.

The Village Queen, Fort Worth, Tex. You have no idea how I love to meet a queen to say nothing of a duchess or two. Sue Carol is 5 feet 3 inches tall. Clara Bow is 5 feet 3½ inches, Anita Page is 5 feet 2 inches and Olive Borden is 5 feet 2 inches tall. Sorry I can't tell you the number of shoes they wear but I'll bet it would agitate my bank roll.

An English Fan, Gateshead, England. Your delightful letter deserves a place in my department but space forbids; but write as interesting a letter to the 'Confession of the Fans' Department and give the American fans a treat. Your fellow countryman, John Loder, plays with Ruth Chatterton in "The Doctor's Secret." George O'Brien is 28 years old and has dark brown hair and eyes, is 6 feet ½ inch tall and weighs 185 pounds. He is an all-round athlete, excelling in boxing, swimming, football, basketball and volleyball. His latest release is "Noah's Ark." with Dolores Costello.

De Orville E. of Mexia, Tex. Of course you'll see your answer in SCREENLAND and why not? Wipe off the old binoculars and take a look. Bob Steele is about 23 years old. He is 6 feet tall and has blue eyes and brown hair. Bob's latest picture is "The Amazing Vagabond," made at the FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. FBO will hereafter be known as RKO—which means, Radio-Keith-Orpheum. Fred Thompson died December 25, 1928. His last picture was "Kit Carson."

Birdie, University of Washington. Do I ever get letters from the west and why don't I answer them? Where in Seattle have you been that you fail to read my gems from a heart of gold? Colleen Moore will be happy to know how popular she is in your university. To win a popularity contest by a majority of one thousand votes



Colleen really doesn't have to go gunning for new fans. She wins them easily through the Moore movies. Especially now that she talks and sings.

— hurrah for Colleen! Her latest film "Fools and Footlights, an all-talkie. Gary Cooper is 28 years old.

Mimi from New York City. I have a nose for news but I've never yet kidnapped any stars' kiddies to get a picture for my department, not even to please you. Leatrice Joy has a darling little girl but she is known only in the private life of Leatrice and her close friends. Don't feel hurt about it; we celebrities must have our private lives. Since completing "The Bellamy Trial" Miss Joy has been on the vaudeville stage. She played with Victor McLaglen in "Strong Boy" but we don't see enough of Leatrice, that's a fact. However, now that First National has signed her for speakies, wait, look, and listen.

Conde from San Juan, Porto Rico. After you read this blurb you'll admit I've passed my detective correspondence course. Gloria Swanson's father was a captain in the U. S. Army. Gloria was born in Chicago, Ill. March 27, 1897. She was educated in schools in Chicago, Key West, and Porto Rico, and also attended the Art Institute in the Windy City. She married Marquise de la Falaise de Coudray on Jan. 28, 1925.

Canadian Double from Hamilton. Whose little double are you? It's as easy for a camel to get through the eye of a needle as for a double to get through the movie gate—even the singles have a dickens of a time. Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford were married March 28, 1920. Jack Duffy, the Christie cut-up, is 46 years old and can give some of the younger boys a run for the big time.

Caroline M. of Atlanta, Ga. Follow my advice about writing sincere letters to the stars and get results—and see the thanks roll into my department. No, I did not say bank roll. Raquel Torres was born November 11, 1908, in Mexico. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 110 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. Her real



The 'mike' is registering every tap of Charlie Chase's dancing feet, and you'll see, and hear, the results in Charlie's next Hal Roach comedy.

name is Guillermina von Ostermann. Her first screen appearance was with Monte Blue in "White Shadows in the South Seas." Her latest film at this writing is "The Bridge of San Luis Rey."

Babe of Vancouver, B. C. Do I think John Gilbert and Greta Garbo are good screen lovers? Good? Oh, Mammy! You can write to Greta at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. She was born in Stockholm, Sweden, in 1906. As for a personal letter from her, that would be too much to hope for, but then you never can tell. Her latest film is "The Single Standard," in which her leading man is Nils Asther, the handsome young Swedish heart and home-wrecker—on the screen.

A Myrna Loy Fan, Yonkers, N. Y. Come on with your questions—I'm crazy for 'em. Myrna Williams, as Miss Loy is known in her home town of Helena, Montana, has titian hair, green eyes and is 5 feet 6 inches tall. You will see her in "The Squall" with Alice Joyce, Loretta Young and Carroll Nye. You can address Myrna at Warner Brothers Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Brown Eyes from Woonsocket, R. I. No, I never get tired of answering questions. If I'd get tired, I'd get fired, and I must

live—you don't mind do you? Gary Cooper's real name is Frank J. Cooper. Buddy Rogers' is Charles Rogers. Buddy has black hair and brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and is 24 years old. You will see Rod La Rocque in "The Man and the Moment" with Billie Dove; and in "Our Modern Maidens" with Joan Crawford and Anita Page.

A Norma Talmadge Fan, Portsmouth, Va. What is home without a movie fan? I don't know, I never had a home without one. Norma Talmadge was born May 26, 1897 at Niagara Falls, N. Y. She has brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 108 pounds. She is the wife of Joseph M. Schenck, of United Artists Corporation. Constance Talmadge was born April 19, 1900, at Brooklyn, N. Y. She is 5 feet 7 inches tall, weighs 118 pounds and has blonde hair and brown eyes. She is married to Townsend Netcher. Patsy Ruth Miller was born in St. Louis, Mo. She has reddish brown hair and brown eyes. Anita Page was born August 4, 1910.

Marion S. of Saskatoon, Sask. You think I'm funny, do you? I take no credit for that, you fans made me what I am today, and I'm glad you're satisfied. My public (ahem! business of making loud

noise in the throat) seem to be very successful in obtaining photos of the stars, so why not you? You can reach Renee Adoree, Conrad Nagel and Nils Asther at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Donald Reed is with First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Mary Lou of Mullins, S. C. You want to be one exception to get a real-honest-to-goodness letter from Buddy Rogers. Now what am I supposed to do? Thousands of other girls would like to embrace that opportunity. Hey, Buddy! As you asked so prettily, I'll see what can be done about it, but don't hold it against me if he doesn't fall for you. You can reach Buddy at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Mrs. W. H. H. of New Orleans, La. Have I a picture of Ronald Colman hanging around anywhere? You would appreciate it if I had. So would I. But I'm always glad to talk about that man—the nice things I can say would fill my page. Touch your hat, Ronny; I'm not kidding. He has dark brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 165 pounds and was born February 9, 1891 in Richmond, Surrey, England. His first screen appearance was with Lillian Gish in "The White Sister" in 1923. Since then his notable films have been, "Beau Geste," "Dark Angel," "Stella Dallas," "The Magic Flame," "The Night of Love," "The Rescue," "Two Lovers," and his latest, "Bull-dog Drummond."

Nellie from Gapland, Md. Imagine my surprise to open a letter with just one question. I'm overcome, and all other choice words of emotion. Rex Bell's real name is George Beldam. He was born October 16, 1905, in Chicago, Ill. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 170 pounds and has light brown hair and blue eyes. He did not get in pictures through a stage background but just rode in. Lucky boy. Rex plays with Caryl Lincoln in "Wild West Romance," produced by Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Blondy and Brunette from Chicago. You'd like to take a look at me—well, that's better than a shot at me. Sue Carol was born in Chicago, October 30, 1908. Her real name is Evelyn Lederer. Her next film is "The Exalted Flapper." You can address her at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. "Hot News" with Bebe Daniels and Neil Hamilton was released in September, 1928. Neil plays with Olga Baclanova and Clive Brook in "The Dangerous Woman." "The Cop" with William Boyd, Alan Hale and Jacqueline Logan was released in July, 1928. Lillian Gish was born October 14, 1896, in Springfield, Ohio. She uses her own name in pictures. Joan Crawford's real name is Lucille La Seuer. Joan was born in San Antonio, Texas, March 23, 1906. She was married to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., on June 3, 1929.

Spanish Olive from West Brook, Me. How could I refuse an olive? Not unless I'm unconscious. Edward Nugent's first picture was "Our Dancing Daughters," since then he has appeared in "The Bellamy Trial," "The Flying Fleet," "A Single Man," and "Our Modern Maidens." Eddie was born February 7, 1904, in New York City. He is 6 feet ½ inch tall, weighs 150 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. Eddie will bear watching. Your other questions are answered elsewhere in this department.

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Manhattan's bounda-
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No longer must you
travel to New York
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stage attractions. Just—

**Step around
the corner..**

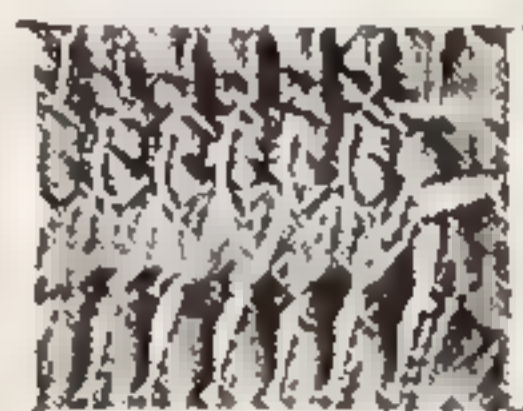


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Romance Runs Riot at Hollywood Parties

Continued from page 55

private drawing room, we found still other guests.

Anita Stewart and her prospective husband, George Converse, were there, and when we asked the radiant Anita when she was going to be married, she laughingly explained not until she had discovered the lucky day by numeralization, so that she could be sure her marriage would turn out happily.

"I was married the first time on a rainy May Day, and maybe that's why it didn't turn out happily," she explained.

Anita told us that her sister, Lucille Lee Stewart, whose aviator-husband was killed in an accident, you remember, is going to live with her.

"She is very sad, these days," Anita told us.

Joan Bennett was there, and had brought her baby! She looks little more than a baby herself. Joan was married to a man named Fox, but is divorced, you know. She always takes the baby about with her when she possibly can.

Speaking of babies reminded Carmelita that she had just heard of the birth of Johnny Mack Brown's baby. He is very happy over the fact that the youngster is a girl. His wife is a lovely Southern girl.

Mary Duncan was there looking cool and charming in a green organdie.

"I don't see," confided Patsy, "how anybody is going to play tennis. Everybody is all dolled up."

Pat Kearney, the playwright, was there with his charming wife, and Julianne Johnston, Colleen Moore, Lila Lee, Hedda Hopper, Ilka Chase, Corinne Ross, Lois Wilson, Flobelle Fairbanks, Lily Damita, June Harding, Seena Owen, Virginia Valli, Blanche Sweet, Irene and Edith Mayer, Avonne Taylor, Sheila Geraghty, Paul Bern, Harold Lloyd and Mildred, Tom Geraghty, Pat Dowling and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Glazer, Arthur Hornblow, John McCormick, Edmund Goulding, John Farrow, Maurice Revnes, Lawrence Stallings, Eddie Lowe and Lilyan Tashman and a score of others, were among the guests.

Lily Damita was wearing tennis clothes and looked very cute in them. She explained that she never had been engaged to Harry Richman for a minute—it was all a joke.

We all tramped into the dining room for breakfast, or, if we preferred, had breakfast outdoors on the terrace under the trees. Patsy and I elected the dining room, and a bunch, headed by Eddie Lowe, Lilyan Tashman and Hedda Hopper, joined in singing popular songs, including *Take Good Care of Yourself*, *You Belong to Me* and

Making Whoopee.

After that we strolled out into the garden, sat on the lawn, or traveled over to the tennis court.

We met Eddie Lowe sitting on one of those rustic benches under a tree. He rose gallantly to offer us his seat, and then, catching sight of Joan Bennett, told us something amusing that happened when Joan was a very little girl.

"Joan is Richard Bennett's daughter, you know. He and I were playing together at the Alcazar in San Francisco when I was a callow youth just out of college," explained Eddie. "Joan sat in a box at a

number of other people also took a turn at the rackets.

Afternoon shadows were growing long under the peppers when we took our leave, pronouncing Carmelita, who by the way, Polly Moran, telescoping Carmelita's first and last names, calls Carmelarity, the very sweetest hostess ever.

"GWEN LEE isn't merely a born actress; she's a born hostess, too," exclaimed Patsy.

We had gone over to Gwen's beautiful new home with John Davidson, the actor, and had been greeted by Gwen, clad in a most becoming flame-colored gown.

We had arrived early, and so had a chance to glance about us at Gwen's pretty green-and-gold bedroom and at the Italian furnishings in her drawing room.

The house is Italian and Spanish, and looks down on a picturesque curve in the wooded canyon road where it stands on the side of a hill. This was Gwen's housewarming party.

"Oh, see that Italian clock," said Patsy. "It has flowers painted all over the face of it, so that you can't tell what time it is. Isn't that a nice compliment to Gwen's guests!"

Tom Miranda, the scenario writer, and his wife, who, you remember, in-

vented the card game called Kamra, were the next arrivals. Tom had a box under his arm, which turned out to be a book which related a new way of telling fortunes. You throw dice along with it, so that the system is called Dice of Fate. The system is really numerology, which is having a great vogue, in all its forms, in Hollywood, these days. The method of telling them is Tom's own invention.

Tom told us that he had studied numerology in Crotona, Greece, the fountain-head of all sorts of mystic ideas, and he declared that the science of numerology had been discovered by Pythagoras.

"I think Pythagoras is grand," put in John Davidson. "He lends such weight to any argument. Personally, whenever I hear Pythag's name mentioned, I always go down for the third time, and the other fellow wins the argument."

"Anyway," Tom retorted, "there isn't a secret in Hollywood that isn't open to me now. So you'd better watch out."

Whereupon, Eddie Sutherland, the director, who had been listening, pretended to be very much frightened and hid behind a chair!

We found that Sam Wood's vibrations all make for great good fortune, so long as he remains Sam, even if he is a noted director, and doesn't try to be Samuel.



Three youngsters of well-known relatives appear with Nancy Carroll in "Sweetie": Fred Kohler, Jr., Jack Chapin, brother-in-law of director William Wellman, and Art Daly, nephew of author George Marion, Jr.

matinée performance of 'Pierre of the Plains' one day. In the play her father had to hit me. Joan stood it as long as she could to see me so cruelly belabored, and then she leaned away out of the box and called to her father, 'Daddy, you stop hitting that man!'

Charlie Farrell had come clothed for tennis, and made a duck for the tennis court right after breakfast. Presently we strolled over there to watch him playing.

Rustic seats under the trees close by the tennis court provided comfortable resting places for those of us, who seemed greatly in the majority, who were too lazy or were not properly dressed for tennis, and there we discovered Lilyan Tashman holding Joan's baby on her lap. We noticed then that Lilyan and Joan look enough alike to be sisters.

Lily Damita dashed in to play tennis just then, and Hedda Hopper, who had joined the admiring group around the baby, declared that Lily looked more American than most American girls!

Carey Wilson, the scenario writer, hobnobbed with Tom Geraghty, Carmelita's photoplay-writing papa, for a while, and then brought his color-movie camera over and took pictures of the crowd.

Later on, Carmelita disappeared and got herself into tennis togs, to play, and a num-

We all gathered about Tom, there in the lovely drawing room, some on the cosy sofas and chairs, others on pillows on the floor, to have our fortunes read.

Mary Doran's bright face peeped up at Tom, who told her that she was very lucky.

"I know it," answered Mary, I won a jar of marmalade, shooting at clay pigeons, down at Venice last night!"

When we shot the dice, we found that Mary was a south-paw, but that didn't keep her from winning.

Eddie Sutherland told Mary that she was the cutest girl in pictures.

"Look out," Mary retorted, "I may take you seriously!"

Pretty Ethlyn Claire was there with Ernest Westmore, the make-up man, to whom she admitted she is engaged.

Dorothy Burgess, who was in the group, told Tom she had just bought a lot, and wanted to find out how her investment would result.

"Bought a lot?" demanded Mary Doran. "That shows the courage of a fireman!"

That pretty Janice Peters, who is just starting in pictures, is to appear in an amateur musical comedy and was all excited about it.

Ernest Westmore said he had just been fishing at Noah Beery's fishing ground, where there were so many fish that all you had to do was knock them on the head with a baseball bat. Ernie is one of those terribly serious sportsmen who wants his fishing to be as difficult as possible.

"If he's as good as that at story-telling, this year," remarked Renée Adoree, who had just arrived, "what will he be by next season?"

Mary Doran said that Ernie had caught so many fish this season that he was drunk with power anyway, and ought to be ignored.

Gwen circulated about among her guests, and somebody finally suggested she ought to sit down, which she acknowledged she was glad to do, as she had worn herself out that afternoon, chasing her parrot, which had escaped and was leaping from tree to tree on the hillside back of her home.

Theodore Von Eltz arrived just then, plus a heavy mustache, and Mary Doran

asked him whether he cultivated the mustache, or was he born with it?

Renée Adoree had come with Danny Denker, and Lee Tracy was with Johnny Ray. Johnny wrote "Alibi," you know. Mary Doran confided to us that Lee was one of those people who made her keep her dignity at all hours.

Johnny Ray was devoting himself to Renée Adoree, and was laughing at her jokes, and Renée said she was thinking of having Johnny's laugh syndicated.

Johnny told us about the last time that Clark and McCullough were playing in London — how they sent him post-cards showing Windsor Castle and Westminster Abbey, with marks on windows, and the remark, "Cross shows window of my room!"

Supper was served at 10:30, buffet fashion—a very excellent supper, to which everybody evidently had brought what John Davidson called their picnic appetites.

Then Mary Doran played the piano for us, Gwen turning the radio off, and Lee Tracy sang delightfully.

Anderson Lawlor, Helen Mencken's fiance, was there. They are playing together at present in Los Angeles.

Cliff Edwards, known to the world as Ukulele Ike, arrived late, and without his faithful uke, so that somebody told him that in that case he would just have to go into his imitations.

Cliff told us that he had gone to Honolulu, expecting to be a sensation with his ukulele.

"Imagine how I felt," he kidded, "to find that they had stolen my stuff down there!"

Nancy Dover, who played in Cecil De Mille's "Dynamite," was there, and proved a charmingly modest young lady, not at all set up over her success in the picture.

It was very late when the guests began to disperse, and even when we left, Tom Miranda was still there, sitting on the floor and telling fortunes to a little group, including Gwen, whose fortune must have been very nice, for she was smiling broadly when she hopped up to tell us goodnight, after Tom had been telling her about "the dark young man."

The Merry Eatons — Continued from page 69

agreed that she shall have a voice in the selection of her next story. They have listened to and agreed with her objections to several presented for consideration.

In the Fall she must return to New York to fulfill a starring contract on the stage. But after that, who can tell? It seems likely that Mary, having married into the movies, will make her home in Hollywood. If Mary returns with her parrot and her ridiculous shaggy dog, it may mean she'll stay here and make pictures in the Eastern studios. But if she leaves the bird and the bow-wow behind, its odds-on that she plans to leave Broadway for the greater triumphs

of the singing screen.

Meantime the big suite in the towering hotel where Mary makes her home is sadly empty without her. If you lift the luxurious drapes that dress the expansive windows you may look down on Broadway, a ribbon of phosphorus far below. A few blocks down and a little to the left stands a house dingily placarded "To Let—One Room and Alcove." Perhaps it will be rented by another blonde kid with wide blue eyes and a brave heart full of ambition and what's left of a fifty-dollar note. If so—let's hope she hears about Mary Eaton. And keeps on trying!

Clara Bow's bathing suit contest, offered in the July issue of SCREEN-
LAND, was won by Miss Josa Lee Austin, 226 Pearl Street, Hartford, Conn.

Camilla Horn's moonstone bracelet, offered in the same issue, was won by Miss Mary Glover Quigley, Washington Duke Hotel, Durham, North Carolina.



Anita Page, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Star.



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The Rise of Dorothy Revier—Continued from page 32

to be reckoned with and Dorothy Revier is in great demand with other leading producers such as Paramount, Fox, United Artists and First National. Not only has she played the feminine leads in Columbia's "The Donovan Affair" and "Submarine," but she won gratifying attention with Douglas Fairbanks in "The Iron Mask," and opposite Richard Barthelmess and Charles Farrell. More recently she scored in a featured rôle with Hal Skelly in "The Dance of Life," and in "Father and Son" and "Light Fingers." Like most other screen stars Miss Revier's voice has passed all talkie tests with laurels.

Dorothy Revier is strictly a product of background and training. Daughter of an Italian musician, she began her art education very early in life.

"San Francisco was my birthplace," said Miss Revier, "and I spent almost all my girlhood there. My own name is Dorothy Valerga. My father, Thomas Tancred Valegra, was a musician and conductor of note until he retired a few years ago. My mother is dead. I am one of a family of five, all sisters. Gladys and Kitty are married and have children, Antoinette is unmarried and a business woman in San Francisco, and Evelyn, also unmarried, is with me. When I was a schoolgirl, my father was either conducting his own orchestra or playing in the symphonies in San Francisco and Oakland. When I entered Oakland high school, my father started me in dancing school at the same time. In San Francisco there was a famous old Italian ballet mistress, Madame Morosini. She had been coach to Pavlova at one time, and was one of the finest ballet dancers in Europe in her youth. For four years I studied Italian ballet, toe dancing, and so on under the strict eye and training of Morosini. The moment I finished school I joined Boris Petroff and Alla Moscova, two noted Russian dancers, who toured the Pacific Coast in a vaudeville act of classic dancing. I was one of the six girls who danced in their support. After several weeks on the road, we returned to San Francisco where I continued to study with Petroff and also returned to Madame Morosini. My dancing training was certainly thorough, as I was getting both the Italian and Russian methods.

"My one ambition at this time was to get somewhere on the stage, and eventually to land on Broadway. With this in mind I used to go down to the Italian colony way out on the North Beach with Madame Morosini to appear in shows in a little Italian theater. Although I couldn't speak Italian, they liked my dancing, so I gained that rich experience for months, at the financial reward of



Rex Bell plays the juvenile lead in Will Rogers' first talkie.

five dollars a performance.

"At this time, in 1921, Tait's cafe was still one of the most famous restaurants on the Pacific Coast. Their standard of entertainment ranked with the best vaudeville and it was the ambition of every San Francisco performer to get an engagement at Tait's. Accordingly, when the star of the night show was called to New York, I applied for the job. Of course, there were dozens of applicants but I happened to be the lucky one. Due to my long and rigorous dance training in both the Italian and Russian schools, I was well equipped to hold my own at first because the patrons at Tait's had been accustomed to nothing

but jazz. I knew that this popularity would last only a couple of weeks so I hid myself over to a dear old Irish buck and wing dancer named Roxy O'Rourke. He taught me tap dancing and gave me several dance routines. To make a long story short, I simply struck a happy medium between my classic dancing and jazz, and held my job. In fact, I was there a year or more, and I had but one aim in mind—Broadway—where my predecessor had gone.

"Certainly I had no thought of the movies. Right here comes an odd circumstance: I believe that I am one of the very few screen players who didn't make a picture debut in Hollywood. No, sir, I actually started in San Francisco, playing opposite Roy Stewart and Louise Lovely. The picture was a terrible flop, but it gave me the movie bug, and a few months later found me in Hollywood to try my luck.

"Like many players, I got my first break at Universal City, in a Gladys Walton picture. This former star is now married and retired. I did pretty well at first as a freelance player and when picture engagements were scarce, I fell back on my dancing ability.

"Then along came Poverty Row. I knew the companies worked like the dickens on that little street, making their 'quickies,' and I knew the only reward awaiting a player was steady work and money. At that time I needed money to live on far more than I needed art, so I determined to stay in Poverty Row until I could become fairly independent.

"Work! I never worked so hard in my life. The long hours, no vacations and minor inconveniences made life just one long working day. But it was good for me. I honestly believe the training I received in Poverty Row not only helped make me an actress, but taught me to be sensible and content with my career now that I am getting somewhere.

"About that time there was a company coming to the front. Columbia had started on Poverty Row a couple of years before, but under the leadership of Harry and Jack Cohn, it was occasionally turning out a real picture. The Cohn boys took the curse off Poverty Row; they paid such good salaries and worked such reasonable hours that soon some of the leading players were not ashamed to accept a week's engagement or two at the 'little studio around the corner.' In fact, so many noted stars such as Jack Holt, Hobart Bosworth, Viola Dana, Shirley Mason, Betty Compson and others worked there so much that Columbia became known as the 'port of missing stars.'

Old Poverty Row is a forgotten street. Its Queen is gone. She's on the Riviera now!

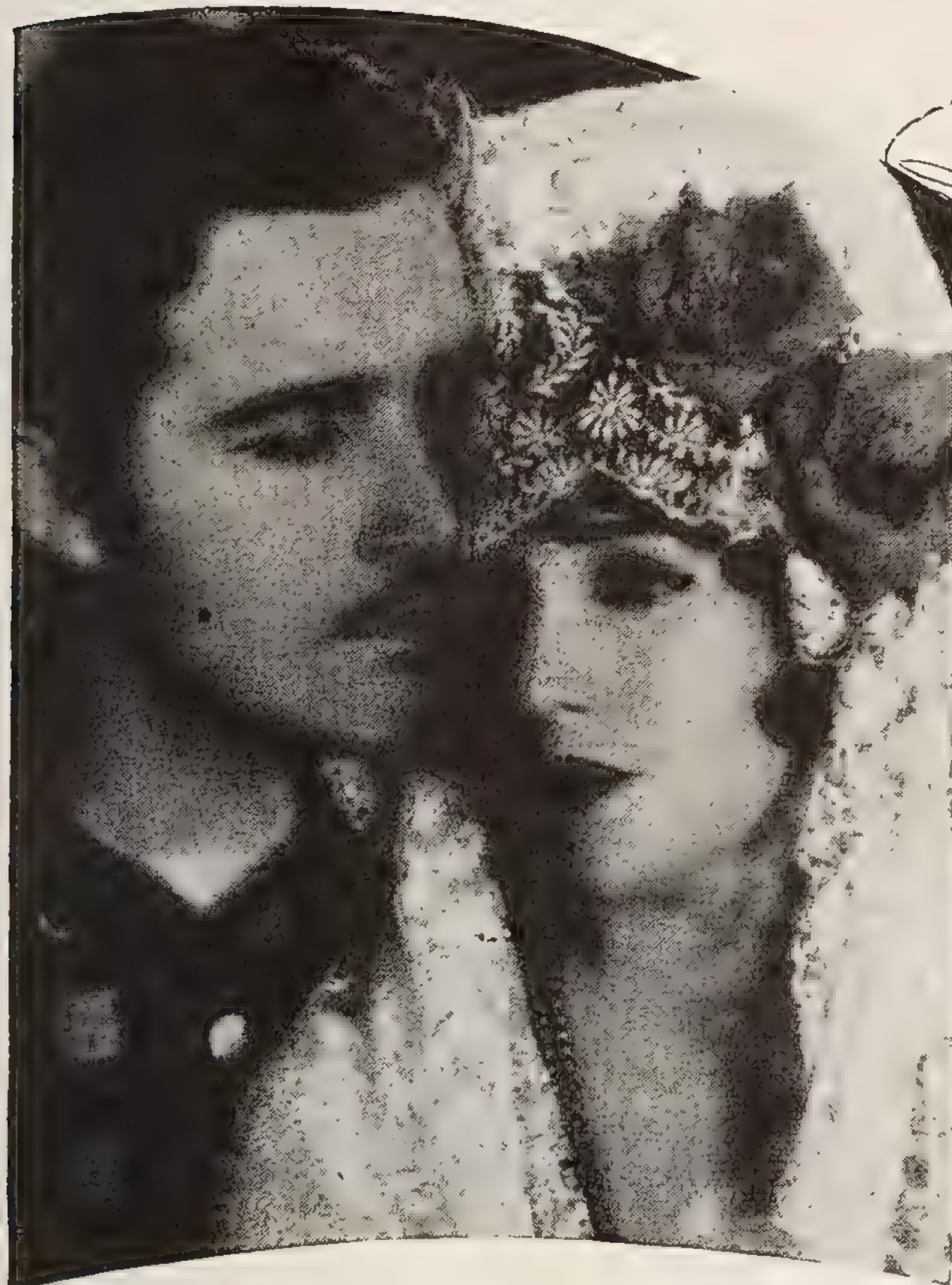


"You tickle me!" says Joe E. Brown to Marilyn Miller. They clown and dance together in "Sally."

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Betty Compson, as the cabaret violin girl, scores the greatest triumph of her career in "Street Girl."

The story of a Broadway Cinderella and a Prince, who was *not* her Prince Charming... Music that creeps into your heart and sets your feet atapping... Sentiment, comedy, action, drama form the background for a characterization of unusual appeal by Betty Compson, aided and abetted by a Radio beauty chorus, Gus Arnheim's Coconut Grove Band, John Harron, and a fast-cracking comedy trio, Jack Oakie, Ned Sparks and Joseph Cawthorn.

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"HIGH RIVER"—A Herbert Brenon production from the play, "High River House."... A majestic story of conflicting wills and passions in the river-threatened levee country of the Mississippi.

Elaborate production plans await the arrival of Rudy Vallee in Hollywood where he will make "The Vagabond Lover" for Radio Pictures.

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"THE VAGABOND LOVER"—Starring the inimitable Rudy Vallee and his "Connecticut Yankees"... A romantic musical comedy, with color, action, comedy and Rudy's "come hither" voice.



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I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." It is new growth, startling results, or no pay. And you are the sole judge.

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Lucille Young

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City _____ State _____

Are You Blonde or Brunette?—Continued from page 81

cleansing cream on the face and neck. Wipe off with cleansing tissues. Then smooth a good protective cream well into the skin. By protective cream, I mean any good cold cream, preferably an oily one, as most blonde skins are dry in texture. Leave on for a few minutes or until the skin has absorbed as much of the cream as it will, then wipe off and dust with powder. With such protection, the fairest skin will not become roughened or red from exposure to wind and weather.

Upon coming in, whether from work or play, use cleansing cream again to remove dust and make-up. Pat in a refreshing tonic, apply a bit of foundation cream and powder, and your skin will be fair, soft, and smooth to the touch.

There are few skins after twenty that do not need a nourishing cream patted well into the neck and around the eyes and mouth, and left on all night. The blonde, particularly, needs to keep her skin well lubricated, for a fine, dry skin breaks early into tiny wrinkles unless well and intelligently cared for.

The fair woman must eat carefully too. She should eat sparingly of sweets and must eschew all heavy, rich and greasy foods if she would avoid the coarsening effect of large pores and blackheads.

Another reason for eating carefully is that as a rule, she must fight the tendency to overweight. I don't know who first used the phrase 'fair, fat and forty,' but whoever it was, he evidently had looked around a bit and registered the impression that the woman who is fair at forty, also is fat. And too often, she is! Therefore it might be well to deal early with this supposed tendency by careful diet and judicious exercise.

Blonde hair, the crowning glory of its possessor, is a matter of grave concern, too. To the dark-haired girl, the difference of one degree in the shade of her hair makes no difference. To the blonde, it hints of the tragedy all blondes live in fear of—the tragedy of slowly darkening hair.

The dark-haired girl has another advantage. She can delay a shampoo for a day or two and her hair will look none the worse for it. But light hair must be kept immaculately clean. Blonde hair needs plenty of brushing to bring out its light and luster.

A great many blondes use a castile or an olive-castile shampoo. Others maintain that a coconut soap is more cleansing. But the best thing is, if your hair is light and you want to keep it so, to find a shampoo that agrees best with your hair and then use the right rinse. Of course I am speaking of natural blonde hair. Bleached hair is another thing entirely!

The camomile rinse which is used by many blonde-haired women is made by steeping very slowly, a handful of camomile (bought at the drug store) in about a quart of water. Use the tea in the last rinse. This is not a bleach and will have no bad effect on the hair. Another rinse for blonde hair, as I probably have told you before, is the juice of a lemon in the last rinsing water after a shampoo. This brings out the blonde lights and tends to make the hair more fluffy.

Light hair, to be at its best must be fluffy and waved. Slick, shingled smartness does not, as a rule, become the blonde type. And the blonde must choose carefully the colors she wears, also her make-up. She must by rigid attention to the

laws of health and by intelligent preventive measures guard against early fading, the blighting tendency of her type.

All this about blondes! Small wonder, is it, that many blondes complain about the upkeep and decide to join the brunettes and be comfortable?

Yet the dark skin needs unremitting care, too. Practically the same treatment prescribed for the protection of the blonde skin should be used for the dark skin. Even though your skin is naturally dark, and you don't object if it turns a shade or two darker, you must protect it from dust, grime, wind and weather. The dark or olive-tinted skin to be at its radiant best must be fine-textured and clear.

The girl with dark hair and eyes usually has a thicker skin than the blonde, and often her skin has a tendency to oiliness. If this is true, she need not use cold cream quite so freely as does her sister with the thin, dry skin. She should, however, use a cream or oil for cleansing, during the day and at night before retiring. She may follow the cold cream cleansing at night with soap and water if she so desires. The face should then be carefully rinsed and dried and a good astringent should be used to close the pores.

If the skin is very young, the face may be left free from cream during the night. But about twice a week it will be well to smooth nourishing cream under the eyes, over the lids and on the throat. If the skin is oily and there is a tendency to large pores and blackheads, do not leave cream on the chin or nose or around the mouth where blackheads are prone to gather.

Large pores, too, menace the dark oily skin, and eternal vigilance must be exercised both in preventing and abolishing these pests. Correct diet, adequate elimination, plenty of outdoor exercise and systematic habits of cleanliness are absolutely necessary.

Where blonde hair does better with a wave, the brunette may achieve smartness by wearing her hair straight or at least sleek and smooth and but slightly waved. But such a coiffure demands perfect hair health. Oily or dull or lifeless hair is never more conspicuous than when simply dressed.

The dark-haired girl, as well as the blonde, must look carefully to her shampoo. She may use an egg or a tar shampoo or any one of the reliable shampoos now on the market except those designed especially for blondes. And to be at its best, her hair must have the glossy, fresh, well-kept look that only daily brushing can give.

Many of our American girls are not definite types—neither blondes or brunettes. They have hair that varies from ash through to drab, to mouse brown and eyes of no one definite color, neither light or dark. The in-betweens, then, must live up to their type intelligently by applying the rules of health and beauty which apply to all women alike whether they are light or dark.

There are many more things to tell you about light and dark and in-between skins, and next month I'll go on from here and tell you all about it. How the blonde may accentuate her blondness, or accent her personality by her clothes and make-up. How the brunette may accentuate her dark beauty by the colors she wears and skillful make-up. Intriguing secrets about shades of powder, rouges and lip sticks—how to make up wisely and not too well!

And if you want to know more about skins, I'm here to tell you. Write me!

Sue: Our Authentic Flapper

Continued from Page 73

wants Sue as a pupil will have to take Nick too!)

"I'm crazy about my new house. I'm a roamer at heart, though. I've stayed in Hollywood longer than I've ever stayed anywhere in my life, and I'd like to be out following the road. I don't know what keeps me in Hollywood, unless it's pictures—or Nick."

To be away from Nick is her idea of the height of tragedy. When Nick was cast in "Chasing Through Europe" last year, they both did their best to win her the part opposite him. In vain. When Nick had been gone a month, Sue went to her mother, then sojourning with her, and intimated that she would like to go abroad.

"Certainly, darling, I'll take you!" cried her fond parent.

Whereupon Sue went to Fox authorities and announced that her mother was taking her to Europe. Wouldn't it save money to let her play the part in Nick's picture?

June Collyer had already been given the part and had reached New York but the studio recalled her and substituted the determined Sue. The mother, however, broke four ribs on the eve of the trip and an aunt took her place as chaperone and confidant.

"We loved it, especially Venice, and we hope we'll do it again some day, when we can take the time to go to out-of-the-way places and see everything we'd like to see.

At this moment Nick Stuart arrived with the talked-of shoes. Nothing would do but Sue must try them on and then together they must work out the trickiest step in the new dance Walter Wills is teaching them. On went the radio, into the middle of the shining floor went Sue and Nick and tap-tap-tap went the new shoes as she followed him through the terpsichorean mazes.

"Oh, Nick!" Sue broke off suddenly and flew to the window, "look at those two lovely lambs going out for their airing!"

The 'lambs' were police puppies solemnly trailing up the winding road.

"Sue's dogs are both in the hospital," explained Nick, "poor old Fritz and Sandy have distemper and she's about broken-hearted over them. She's dog-crazy, you know. If she's ever arrested it will be for kidnapping a dog.

"She goes driving about the city, or out in the country, and every time she sees a dog, she stops her car, looks carefully around and then gives a soft whistle, like this," he did a creditable imitation of Sue enticing a canine. "If the pup gets in the car, she thinks that proves he's lost and looking for a home. Last week she came proudly home with a fox terrier and Alice had to shame her into running an ad.

"Another day, when she was down at the city pound—a place that has a fatal fascination for her—she fell in love with a little mutt of a dog, paid his board and took him home. But he wasn't a healthy cur and he spent most of the rest of his life in the dog hospital. He was mentally unbalanced, they told her, when they broke it to her that they had chloroformed him."

"But he was so sweet," sighed Sue.

Just then the radio blared forth again, and the two sprang into the intricacies of the tap-dance once more, their laughter mingling, enchantingly young, a living advertisement of the importance of being light-hearted.



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On Location With "The Virginian"—Continued from page 47

about on the hill top. Fun is fun and all that, but there is no reason why a cow should be taken advantage of—or so they must have reasoned among themselves.

In an endeavor to pacify them the boys jumped in a car and drove to a cluster of bushes a mile or two away. They came back with enough green to turn the queer-looking things on the hill into a nice green grove, and that saved the day, although the bossies still thought it was a fool notion. Mooing and lowing they submitted to being driven along while Gary rode beside them singing a song popular with the cowboys. One of the verses is quite blood-thirsty:

If you monkey around my Lulu gal
I'll tell you what I'll do—
I'll carve your heart with my razor,
And I'll shoot you with my pistol, too!

By lunch time it was blazing hot. The sun seemed to draw all the life out of one's body. There wasn't an inch of shade so we sat on the highest point possible, to catch what breeze there was, which happened to be the railroad tracks. Lunch was served by the hotel in Sonora and brought in metal containers—stew and beans and coffee. For dessert we had ice cream and apples.

There was still an hour's work with the cows and after lunch, the remains having been cleared away in baskets, Dick and Gary and I sat on one of the parallels and listened to Speed Hanson sing the hundred and some odd verses of several cowboy songs, accompanying himself with his guitar. His job was to teach the songs to Dick and Gary and Walter Huston, and the easiest way for the boys to learn was to listen to them over and over until the music and words and spirit of the things soaked into their minds.

Soon quite a crowd gathered, and we were immensely entertained. Gary had a cold which bothered him a lot. "My first talking picture, and I get the only cold I've had in years! People will think I swallowed a raven."

Gary is very shy. When he is in a

group of strange people he won't talk at all. He sits back and listens. But his eyes twinkle with humor and when he laughs his face screws up like a little boy's. Then as he begins to feel more at home he joins in the conversation. But there is always a little air of dignity and reserve about him, a sort of mystic quality. And it is that poise perhaps that adds to his attractiveness for so many people.

Gary is one person who justified the advice of friends who told him he ought to go into pictures. He started out as an advertising salesman and also injected his knowledge of art into a few advertisements for his firm. But he hated the hustle and bustle of the commercial side of salesmanship and while in California he listened to one of his friends and made a stab at pictures. Once was enough. He instantly became fascinated with whatever it is that charms people in all dramatic work. It may be an outlet for the imagination, the spirit of make-believe that is strong in all of us. At first he had tough sledding. His distaste for applying for work led him to go only to the two or three offices where he was known, and to those he went constantly. Then his chance came in "The Winning of Barbara Worth," and you know the rest. A good part of his money he put into a dude ranch of which he made his father manager. In a year or two he will have five thousand acres where people, worn and weary from city life, can come and, for a time, get back to nature.

Both Gary and Dick were very bothered about being turned into stars; but as long as they were, they felt cheated that the first week of the big money would have to wait in Hollywood until they returned from Sonora to collect! I remarked that I should think they would be pleased to become stars.

"It's just the beginning of the end, Helen," said Dick. "You know that. No one ever survives it for long. A few years and then you get all tangled up in the 'system' and can't work out of it somehow. It is so much fun building! When you are



John Garrick, an English actor, will make his Movietone debut in "The Sky Hawk."

a star, it seems that further achievement is taken from you. I'd much rather be a supporting player—as far as interest goes. You never know what kind of a part you will get. When you are a star you know darn well that you get what is called 'A Richard Arlen part.' The only thing is the money, and Joby and I are going to save plenty—that is, if we can ever stop building fireplaces and tunnels in our place!"

It seems that they both like fireplaces and had two in the living room; but wherever Joby went the crowd would follow, so gradually fireplaces appeared in every room in the house. "And," continued Dick, "everyone who comes to our house goes into the kitchen, so, by gosh, there's a fireplace going in there, too! It will be finished this week."

"And the tunnels—well, Joby is crazy about tunnels for some reason, and she and I started digging one from our house to the road and it is about finished. And now we don't know what to do with it although Joby says it is a swell place to keep preserves, and Dad Ralston is always sending us a lot from our ranch."

Joby and Dick have a ranch where they plan to go when they are through with the picture game, or "when it is through with us," is the way he put it.

Eugene Pallette, who plays Honey Wiggin, was watching the equipment of his horse. "Say, I don't need one of those saddles with a horn, I'm not figuring to do any riding in traffic," he told the cowboy harnessing the pony.

Then everyone pitched into work and kept it up until after six.

"Where is your moustache, Eugene?" asked Henry Hathaway.

"In my pocket," said Eugene. "You couldn't tell from where I was whether I had on a moustache or a bathing suit."

It was an hour's ride into Sonora so we were bundled into cars and sent on our way. Gary rode in ours, Mr. Fleming was



Colleen Moore has two leading men in "Footlights and Fools"—Fredric March and Raymond Hackett—and has to choose between them. Which man wins?

in the car ahead of us. We had to pass three gates and he got out and opened the first. Our car and six others went through with Mr. Fleming still standing at the gate. And he must have had a dusty ride back. I understand that Mr. Fleming is an honest-to-goodness millionaire and is considered one of the brainy members of the profession. But that business of getting out of a car filled with actors and members of his staff to open the gate, shows him to be a regular fellow as well. Perhaps you think, "Huh! Anyone would do that!" And so they would, any regular fellow; but strangely enough the motion picture business sometimes makes some people, particularly directors and actors and executives, think that they are something a little more than people. I'm glad to say that I have happened to meet very, very few of that breed.

Henry Hathaway met us at the hotel. "Say, you have to work tomorrow," he said to me.

It had been planned that I do 'atmosphere'—extra work in the train sequence. Just to peek at the other side of the fence, so to speak.

"When do I get up?" I asked

"Five up and six out," said Henry grinning. And that was the slogan for the troupe the whole time we were there.

About six of us had dinner together. At the next table a young man was declaring to a young lady, quite casually, that she was the most beautiful woman in the world. Obviously it wasn't true.

Gary made a motion of disgust. "Do women like that sort of thing?" he demanded.

"Not many in this day and age, unless they are in love—then of course the girl wants to be more beautiful or more desirable than any other woman in her sweetheart's eyes."

"Oh, well, that's different. But idle flattery—they eat it up!"

So then we had a long argument with neither side convinced. But it showed me that Gary has a very sincere nature, above hypocrisy and superficiality.

My, but I was sleepy the next morning! I hadn't slept a wink on the train and although it was fun, I had been pretty tired, dressed as I was in hiking togs and out on a mountain top from six in the morning till six at night. Once I had a hot cup of coffee and some bacon under my belt I felt better.

This day the action included Mary Brian. It was where she, as the school teacher, arrived from New England in the little Virginian town just as a stampede of cows swarmed on both sides of the train as it pulled into the station. Gary heads them off while Dick and Eugene Pallette and finally Gary, too, ride beside the train and joke with the pretty little half-scared school teacher. "I never saw so many wild cows in my life," she announced.

Paramount had rented a whole train for the occasion and it moved up and down a switch track which passed the station. It is such a tiny town, there is very little traffic—I think only one train passes during the whole day. A little portable dressing-room was put up for Mary and the rest of us dressed in our cars.

The country store—post office was taken possession of for the costume department. All the packing cases containing costumes were placed there and the contents spread out along some makeshift tables. The large sizes in the 'high-class' costumes had been asked for before we arrived, so I grabbed an old blue calico skirt, a long cape



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and bandana handkerchief, which prompted Mr. Fleming to ask how Russia was the last time I saw it. I certainly looked a sight. Henry Hathaway put us in the coach Mary was in and as it was another hot day we were in about the coolest spot going.

Speed Hanson was turned into a conductor, and given a basket of candies and things people liked in those days. "Will you have some tobacco?" he asked, offering a hunk to Mary Brian. She laughed and said, "I don't think it was done, even in 1852!"

Three of the extra women were laughing and giggling over their odd costumes.

"How do we look?" one asked of a young man dressed also in period. "Would we have won your heart in 1852?"

The young man looked startled. "Golly!" he laughed, "I'm afraid you wouldn't."

"Well, we wouldn't give you a second look either—besides, I think I look very cute!" said the young lady. She did, too.

The children walked back and forth in the aisle casting shy glances at Mary, but it was a long time before any of them got up the courage to speak. "Are you going to be our teacher, Mary?" one asked. That broke the spell and the whole crowd bombarded her with questions.

"Sometimes teachers spank little girls," someone said.

A dozen pairs of round eyes looked inquiringly at Mary.

"Then I could never be a teacher," said Mary quickly, with her beautiful voice and the sweetest smile in the world.

Mary hasn't the childish voice you would expect her to have. It is rich and full without being heavy, and it has a dramatic quality to it.

The cows had arrived and were more bewildered than the day before. In addition to people, here was a train that they were asked to run beside, then they were herded in pens and out of pens until they were thoroughly disgusted. The calves were particularly indignant. One little fellow, suddenly losing all control over himself, turned to the train and looking us full in the face, put his little front feet sturdily apart after the manner of very young calves and 'mooed' at least seventeen times without stopping for breath. Then utterly exhausted he leaned against his mother and partook of some refreshment.

With the cows all in place and the people all seated in the train and the 'mikes' hitched to a front car, the scene was ready to be taken.

"Rehearse the whistle," said Mr. Fleming, and in a moment the engine shrieked forth in obedience to his command. Yet not one hundred percent obedience—for it being a sound picture the engineer had to be directed by signals. He got mixed up and instead of blowing the whistle he let fly the steam!

The cows didn't wait for any more! How they ran! It took a little time to get them back but it was managed finally.

Then we went through the scene several times, stopping for lunch at twelve. This time the lunch was served on the freight platform. It had a covering so the sun didn't get at us. It was exactly the same as the day before.

We had about three quarters of an hour for lunch and then started to work again. Gary rode up to the side of our coach and I patted the nose of his horse.

"He got a bad start this morning and he's nervous," Gary said.

"What happened to him?" I asked.

"Oh, we were near the engine when that steam went off and it scared him out of a

year's growth. He hasn't been the same since."

"Here's a good publicity story for you," said Roy Hunt. Roy invented the 'blimp' camera, a contrivance for keeping the sound of camera grinding inside a large hood.

"We're all attention," I piped up.

"Well, a bee lit on one of the microphones and started to buzz and the whole scene was ruined."

"Did that really happen?"

"No," said Roy cheerfully, "But it's liable to any minute! There's a 'mike' near that rose bush in the station yard."

On the way to the hotel Dick and Gary told us about the frog-jumping contest that is held once a year in Jimtown, a short for the famous old Jamestown about twenty miles from Sonora. A boy in 1886 discovered that he could have a lot of fun making bull-frogs jump and charged a cent for admission. His plan was such a success that he went on training and breeding them. And now his son is doing the same thing. The frogs are colossal in size and the miners bet on them just as people do on race horses.

All the country round about has been made famous by Bret Harte and Mark Twain. The next afternoon Mr. Fleming arranged for me to be taken to all the points of interest. I went through the house where the miners took their gold dust to be weighed, saw the scales and hundreds of curios. There is a replica of the nugget found by the manager of the exchange who still lives there. His wife took us through the place. The nugget was worth \$1500. I saw the old fire department and the first engine used in the town. It is perfectly good and is often called into action on gala days.

But to get back to the company. It was five up and six out next morning, too—in fact, it was four-thirty when they banged on my door. That morning there were close-ups taken of Mary getting off the train and Dick helping her with her bags. She is half way across the station yard when a cow breaks away from little Camilla Johnson and runs toward the watering trough. The little school teacher, remembering the surging mass of cattle, thinks the whole herd is coming at her.

"Oh! A wild cow!" she screams and runs off, while Dick, his arms full of luggage, shouts reassurance to which she pays not the slightest attention.

While they were 'setting up' for the next scene, Mary collected a bottle of soda pop and sat in a location chair under a huge umbrella to cool off. Gary and Dick crawled into a funny little buggy whose top gave off a few inches of shade.

"Oh," said Mary, "they're doing dialogue. I think I'll go over and rehearse with them." And that lasted for about an hour. After lunch, the town sequence being over, we returned to our hay field and I had to drive fifty miles from Sonora to take the train back to Hollywood, I left early so that I could see something of the towns. Dick didn't have to work any more that day so he came with me and fell so in love with an old farm that looked just as if it might have fifty years ago, that I thought he surely would buy it before I could get him away.

I was sorry I couldn't have remained for the whole two weeks the company was there, for later there were some charming scenes taken of Dick and Mary in the pretty part of the country.

It will be an interesting picture. You know it is a version of the play, "The Virginian," by Owen Wister, that Dustin Farnum made so popular on the stage.

Will Rogers

Continued from page 21

Owen Davis' boy is our son and Marguerite Churchill is our daughter. Irene was once a school teacher and when I was young I was a horse doctor and you can bet Irene doesn't let me forget it. But the past doesn't shame me none. I tell her that horse doctors are really smarter fellers than human doctors, for a human doctor can ask his patient where the pain is while a horse doctor's gotta know! Well, anyways, we go to Paris and—

"How about the talkies, Will? Do you like 'em better than the silent?"

"Sure; this is just up my alley, for talk is the way I've put over my gags. In the silents I'd do a scene and say what I thought was the right thing, but they'd always change it in the titles. F'instance, in 'The Texas Steer' I was a Congressman and one day I'm walkin' along a street in Washington—we shot it there—when I met a white wings cleanin' the street. I said to him: 'Is yours a political job?' He looked at me in contempt. 'No,' he answers. 'Civil Service. We have to pass examinations!'

"That gag had meanin'. What do you think they changed it to? I say to the fellow: 'One horse town, what?' and he answers, 'You wouldn't think so in my job.' Smart crack instead of satire, and an old smart-crack at that.

"No," Will went on, "the best part of the talkies is that when I say somethin' I say it, and it sticks. There's no way of changin' it without cutting the whole sequence. In 'The Texas Steer' they turned the titles of the picture over to a young smart-crackin' boy. They regret now that they did it. But in this I'm safe.

"Furthermore, Frank Borzage, who's directing 'They Had to See Paris,' has a good subtle sense of humor. He doesn't make me do such broad comedy as I have had to do in most silent pictures. Also he lets me ad lib, and that helps, for some of my best gags come to me durin' the action.

"The other day I was doin' a scene in an automobile. Irene and the kids was in and I was gettin' in when the door jammed. That wasn't in the script, so while I was jerkin' I pulled a gag that gets a big laugh. It's one more and it doesn't interrupt or delay the action for a single foot of film. Yes, Rob, this talkie stuff is right up my alley."

Perhaps another thing that makes Will happy is that this picture has reunited him and Irene Rich. You may remember they starred together in pictures years ago on the Goldwyn lot. At that time Irene was doing 'gingham aprons' and Will was a tramp or a farm hand. It took the producers all the intervening years to learn that Irene is one of the most beautiful characters of the screen, whether as a neglected wife or a queen; while Will, instead of being a character actor or a red-nosed comic, is America's most whimsical philosopher.

Yesterday at the beach Irene Rich told me a cute one. Will has never kissed anybody—not even Irene—in all his film work. As Irene says: "He's probably never kissed any woman but Betty (his wife.)"

Well, his part in "They Had to See Paris" called for him to kiss Irene, his screen wife; and when he did so he blushed so red that director Borzage asked him why he was so embarrassed. Will laughed boyishly and said: "Well, it seemed almost like infidelity!"

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ONE evening, before starting on another selling trip, Mr. Webb was gloomy and discouraged. "It's the same old grind that gets you nowhere," he murmured. "For years we've been wanting a home of our own but we're no nearer it now than ever."

"If I could only do something," his wife said earnestly.

"There's nothing you can do, honey," he replied sadly. "It's up to me to make enough money for a down payment. The money we pay for rent would take care of the balance."

"Nothing you can do" . . . the words rang in her ears during the days he was on the road. How they humiliated her, made her feel useless and futile!

One morning she read an advertisement in a magazine telling of a Cash Distribution Plan by which hundreds of men and women, boys and girls, were receiving up to \$2,800.00 in cash. The plan seemed too good to be true. Those who took advantage of this plan did not have to spend a cent.

At first she was skeptical. It did not seem possible that she could share in the awards to be distributed, but the thought of the difference that \$2,800.00 in cash could make dulled her disbelief. Had she not acted despite her doubts and sent for information, she would never have had the happy surprise that was hers when she received a telegram announcing she had been awarded \$3,620.00. Her surprise was all the greater because her cash award was larger than she expected because of her promptness.

For a few days she went around in a daze until the certified check for \$3,620.00 actually arrived. Almost on the heels of the postman came her husband, returning from a selling

trip. It was all she could do to keep from shouting the wonderful news before he took off his hat and coat. Afraid of his gibes, she had not told him of her hopes.

"Let's not live in this old apartment any longer," she cried, seating herself on the arm of his chair. "Let's have a home of our own."

"But, darling," he protested sadly, "you know we haven't even the money for a down payment."

"We have—we have," she cried, showing him the certified check for \$3,620.00. "We can have that home of which we have always dreamed."

* * *

There were others who read the advertisement Mrs. Webb read, others who wanted a home, but while they merely wished, she acted. Mrs. Webb has been but one of the many to benefit from the famous Cash Distribution Plans conducted in the past. Mr. I. A. Nystrom won \$3,375.00, Miss Anna Linke won \$3,135.00, Mrs. Fannie Kelley won \$2,320.00, Mrs. Robt. Ellington won \$1,750.00 and Mr. E. N. Garrett won \$2,320.00.

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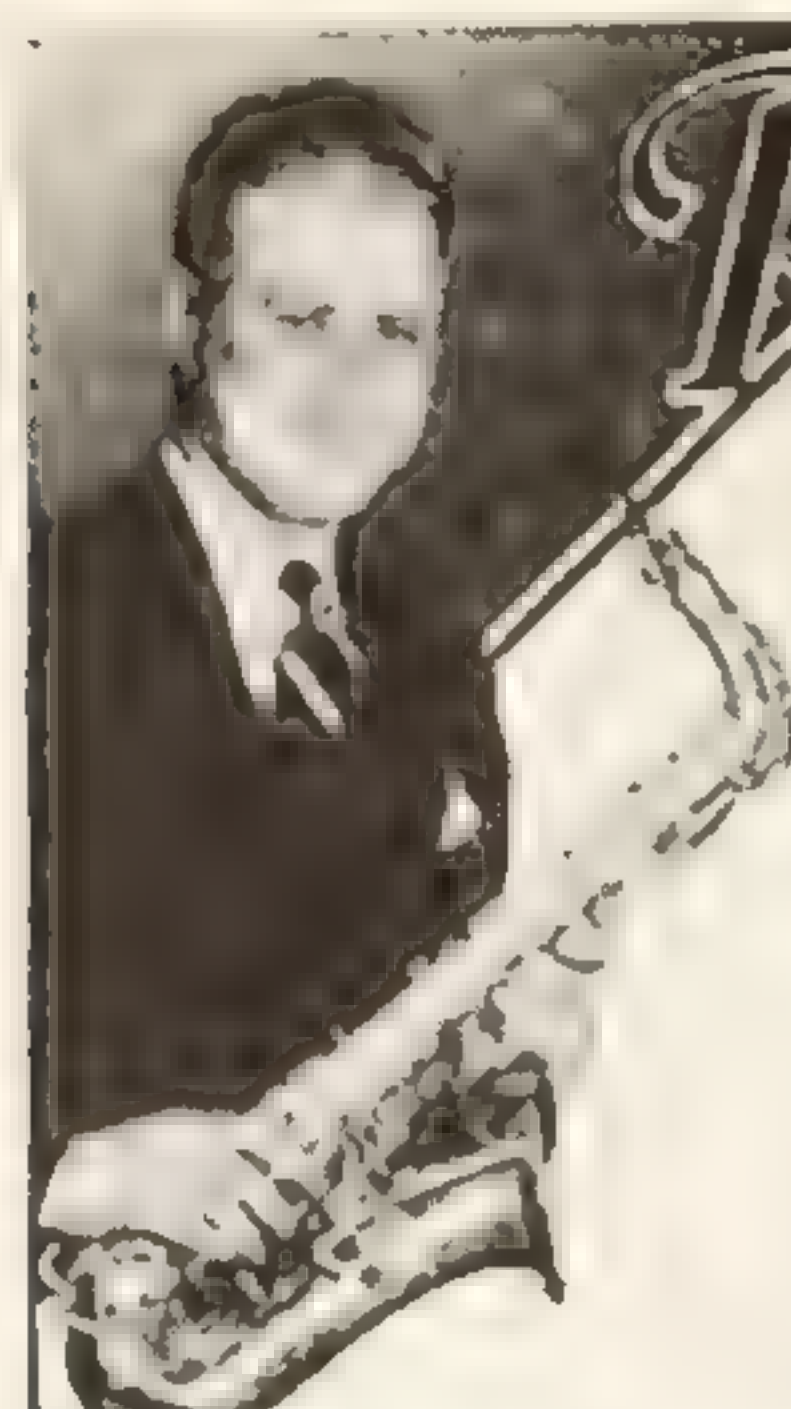
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Hollywood's Youngest Generation

Continued from page 25

parents did with the earnings of the children. Most of them pay for the children's clothes and education out of their earnings and put the rest aside for further education and future financial independence. Some of Philippe's money is in airplane stocks; Anita Louise's is in a savings bank; Billy Butts' in real estate. Everything is in the name of the child, even little Wheezer who also has income property—grapefruit land in Arizona.

Anita Louise wanted very much to be in "A Woman of Affairs" because she admired Greta Garbo. "But can you ride a bicycle?" asked Clarence Brown. "No," said Anita Louise, "but I will be able to by twelve o'clock tomorrow."

"You never will be," laughed Mr. Brown. "You have to race down hill on it, so I'm afraid I'll have to get another little girl."

"Please give me until tomorrow at twelve," begged Anita so earnestly that the director waited. And sure enough, at the specified time Anita was an expert cyclist!

If their careers are handled carefully Mrs. Fremoult as well as many other mothers feel that pictures are of great educational value to the children. On one picture Anita and her mother were sent to Europe. "I never could have taken her there, and what we saw and the people we met were most interesting."

From Philippe and Anita Louise, the little aristocrats of the screen, we come to 'Our Gang,' regular fellers, up to pranks every minute. Wheezer was careening about the set dragging an empty soda-pop bottle and calling lustily for Bob Saunders. He had an idea that Bob might be induced to get him another soda pop until his daddy set this matter straight in his mind.

Mr. Hutchins, Wheezer's father, told me he had been employed in the miniature department at Universal when Snookums came on the lot. The child's success made him think. He wanted his boy to have the advantages that had been denied him as a child, and while his salary might make it possible if he lived, he knew there was no prospect of piling up any vast sum against a future that might not include him. He thought if the child could make money in pictures his future would be assured. Regularly, aside from other investments, a sum is set aside for this purpose.

"It went pretty hard with me at first," said Mr. Hutchins, "because I gave up my own job in order to be on the set with Wheezer. His mother didn't feel up to assuming the studio responsibility and the home too. But it seemed to me that I was living off my kid and I made myself ill over the idea. Mr. McGowan, the director of 'Our Gang,' whom all the children all adore, was wonderful. Told me to buck up and look at the thing in the right light. And now I'm better."

Wheezer had crawled into my lap and instantly Pete, the Gang's dog, walked over and looked hard at me. Evidently, I passed, for he blinked his eyes, gave a lick at my fingers and dropped down on the carpet for another snooze. Anything that touches any one of the children is Pete's business. Publicity pictures were being taken and a property man was lifted bodily into the crib. Pete rushed at him and tugging at the man's trousers tried to get him out. It was so amusing that they took the picture that way. Pete is really a wonderful

dog. He understands everything said, not just what his master tells him.

Jean Darling, the 'sweetheart' of the Gang Comedies, has sincerity and a sense of humor, also very nice manners.

Mrs. Darling told me her idea in putting Jean into pictures was first, because the child wanted to go; and second, to make her independent if anything happened that would leave her alone in the world.

Harry Spear is being raised by his grandmother whom he insists upon calling mother. Although he is the tough boy of the gang he is known on the lot as 'the good little bay boy' because of his amiability. He has a penchant for bringing home stray animals. His grandmother is always prepared for a new lot every time Harry goes a block away from home alone. "I just got rid of nine white mice yesterday," she said in a relieved tone, "but the goat, the mud turtles and the dogs are there to stay!"

One afternoon I walked in on Rachel Smith, Paramount's school teacher, and her brood. In her attractive study I found Douglas Haig, Billy Butts, Paul Gertzman, Dick Winslow Johnson, and Austin Jewell.

Douglas Haig is the lad who played Emil Jannings' little son in "Sins of the Fathers," and whom Jannings declared is a genius. Douglas is now in Harold Lloyd's latest funster "Welcome Danger." He is a quiet child, and absorbs everything that goes on around him.

Quite a different type is Billy Butts, who, his mother complains, will never learn that he is not talking to deaf people! He was born in Texas, speaks with a Texan drawl and the more interested he becomes the louder he talks. Mrs. Butts said she used to cry her eyes out because no one would let her be an actress, so when Billy came along and wanted to be an actor she started right in to make it possible, much to the disgust of his father.

"If you put Bill in pictures, I'll leave home," he threatened.

"All right, honey," said his wife, "go right along. But Billy is going into pictures!" And he did and father is still at home.

All that Billy makes is invested for him, but he is given fifty cents a week for spending money when he is working. When he isn't working he has to do odd jobs if he wants more. One day his mother found him trudging down the road with an enormous pack on his back. "What on earth have you there, Billy?" she asked. "Well," said Bill in his funny old-man drawl, "I've been helping the canyon rag-picker, and I earned a dollar!"

Billy was prouder of that money earned from the rag picker than anything he ever made in pictures, because pictures don't seem like work and he never can understand why he gets the fifty cents when he 'works' in the studio!

Dawn O'Day and her mother live in a little green house on a hill-top in Laurel Canyon. This talented child is nine years old, with beautiful auburn curls. You saw her in "Four Devils."

Dawn is a little tom-boy and loves baseball, but she also has a collection of dolls of which she is passionately fond. She makes some of their clothes, often putting in hurried stitches before she goes to work or to school. They were given her by Mary Pickford, William Farnum, Pola Negri, Bebe Daniels, Tom Mix, and other

stars. Dawn has a quaint old-fashioned manner but her eyes sparkle with fun when you mention anything that amuses her. The first picture she did was with William Farnum. He had allowed his beard to grow because he was supposed to have fallen in life and turned tramp. The child turns him back to the gentlemanly state. The beard sequence was to be done first to save time but they hadn't counted on the reaction of a three-year-old baby who was supposed to love this terrible looking man. Dawn was scared to death. She wouldn't go anywhere near him, let alone allow him to touch her. At the end of three days his beard was shaved. Next morning Dawn saw an entirely different man sitting in the same chair. No one paid any attention to her and she stood off for some time watching Bill talking with Herbert Brenon. She came nearer and nearer and then with a sudden resolve climbed into Mr. Farnum's lap, and *that* difficulty was over!

Philippe de Lacy was engaged for a picture directed by Luther Reed. He broke his arm. Mr. Reed asked Rachel Smith if she knew of another child immediately available. "Leave it to me," said Miss Smith, she telephoned Davey Lee's mother that she was going to call for Davey and put him in a picture. It was the child's first bow to the screen, and everyone was delighted with his work. Then came the picture with Al Jolson in "Sonny Boy"; now he's a star.

And now, about the Johnsons!

There are six of them. Kenneth, the oldest, is sixteen. Then there are Dick Winslow, Camilla, Seessel Ann, Carmencita and Cullen, the baby, who plays with Thelma Hill in comedies. He is called 'the Indestructible' because no matter what happens he turns up on top! Both Mr. and Mrs. John-

son are newspaper writers. Mrs. Johnson has started what she chafingly calls 'The Great American Novel,' which is being written between patching up the scratched knee of one child and buttoning up the trousers of another. When they all grow up and if the grandchildren don't come along too soon, she may finish it.

In the meantime she thinks, along with most of the other mothers of screen children, that there is nothing like giving the children an early start. "No one spends his life with his family. I want my children to have open minds and to know that the whole world is their family. The only way they can learn this is, during their impressionable years, to get out among people, all kinds of people, and learn to understand them."

All the Johnson children have earned money in pictures. You have seen them all, over and over again. But Mrs. Johnson doesn't want them to confine their ideas to pictures, and she hopes they won't follow the profession when they grow up. They are encouraged to objectify whatever is in their nature in some form of artistic or useful expression. They are never jeered at or told that they can't do this or that. Consequently all the children down to Carmencita have written things that have been published and paid for.

Dick and his family visited San Francisco not long ago. While they were going through Stanford University Mrs. Johnson missed Dick. She found him completing the tour with the President of the University! Afterwards she asked how they had met. "Oh," said Dick, in his intelligent, straightforward manner, "I knocked on his door and told him that as I expected to be in the college in a few years I just thought I would like to meet him!"

Verdict: Guilty—Continued from page 76

"You know, it's kind of funny not to be able to talk about your college or your high school," he said, "and there are a lot of times when I feel I've missed a lot. Especially is this so at Easter and Christmas, when the college gang pour in at the Grand Central station, and stations all over the country.

"On the other hand, however, the stage has been mighty good to me and my family. It gave my mother a start when she was broke; it raised my brother, my sister and myself, and it gave me an education, punctuated with somewhat hard knocks, that I could never have received in any other way."

He was only four when his mother carried him on for "The Toymaker of Nuremberg," and in the same year he was the baby with Maude Adams in "Peter Pan."

In 1907 he had his first chance for movie greatness. He met D. W. Griffith and played with that great director in one of his earliest pictures.

But Hackett was only five, and he can't remember the name of the picture. "I can only recall I liked Griffith because he let me play with a lot of tin soldiers in the picture and then gave them to me!"

Growing up, he played with Margaret Anglin in "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie" and with Doris Keane in "Happy Marriage." Then came three years in pictures with Lubin (1912-15).

But Fate wasn't quite ready to let him become a film star.

So back he went on the stage to play "The Outrageous Mrs. Palmer" with Mary Young and Henry Dixey; "The Copperhead" and "Abraham Lincoln."

Pretty slick sailing, eh?

But then he hit a long series of flops, including "The Man in the Making," "Ma Pettinger," and "Pat." But there's always a silver lining—for a good actor; and since "Glory," in 1922, he's been the most consistently successful youngster on Broadway.

We've mentioned all of his recent successes except "Nightstick," the last thing he played before the movies grabbed him. He came to Los Angeles to play Jimmy in "The Trial of Mary Dugan," and Norma Shearer signed him immediately for the same rôle in the picture.

Film observers have not been surprised at Ray Hackett's quick success in Hollywood. They point out that while he has been 90 per cent of the theater, his early screen work as a boy gave him a thorough grounding in film essentials; a grounding topped off by his work with Gloria Swanson in "The Loves of Sunya."

"I like the stage," he says. "Maybe I'll be back some day. But I like the movies so much more now that they have dialog, that—well—Broadway may not see me for a long time!"

Then he added: "Say, you might as well help me out by stating that I am not a relative of James K. Hackett. I'd love to have had that honor—but my dad was in the wholesale business!"



Richard Dix

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The Return of an Idol—Continued from page 56

director would yell to me to turn around and show my face, leaving the road ahead unwatched at about fifty miles an hour. I couldn't wear goggles, either, for they'd hide that face. We used to get faces into the camera at all costs in those days, and now it's a source of pride when an actor can enact a scene and tell a story with his back turned to the camera.

"The younger generation isn't as strenuous, but I think we have better actors among them than the general run in the old days. Or, rather, I think they're permitted to act. In the old days broad gestures and expressions were called for and deemed necessary, just as was the case on the stage of some years ago. Repression is a fairly new thing, and with it relative motion showed up."

Wilbur deserted the screen to become a playwright, along in 1915, and traveled to New York with his trunk of plays, to win success as one of the greatest stage dramatists of the decade. "The Woman Disputed," "The Monster," which Lon Chaney appeared in on the screen, "The Stolen Lady," "The Song Writer"—these are among the stage hits from his prolific pen. Finally he went to London to produce one of his plays, and while there the talking pictures appeared, and his friends Lionel Barrymore and Willard Mack started to direct them.

He decided to come home and get into the game, and a few weeks later found him back in California, where in the early days of silent pictures he reigned as the screen's most popular hero.

Like Barrymore, he has no desire to act; he only wants to create. But it's possible that he will act again, just the same—and it will be interesting to see the idol of

yesterday's screen among the young idols of today.

"I have always liked to think," says Wilbur, "that the old horses of western movies were pensioned off—just like the old fire-horses. And I was pleased beyond measure to find that William S. Hart's old horses are treated in just that way, living their old age in memories of the glories of their past on his ranch near Newhall, with plenty of oats and nothing to do. The old western doesn't seem to be as popular as it was, at least, they're not making so many of them. Tom Mix's 'Tony' seems to be the only equine hero to come down into the present. I think he's the Lon Chaney of horses—because age doth not wither nor custom stale his box office appeal."

The heroines, too, are different.

"They used to be fluffy, curly-haired blondes—very soft and appealing," says Wilbur. "And now they have boyish bobs and boyish figures. I remember the ceremony attendant on placing one on a horse in the old western days, what with the long skirts and feminine fripperies that had to be so carefully handled. Today a modern girl could make a mount in a running jump and never think anything about it."

Beauty was at a premium then, but Wilbur thinks that the talkies have lowered its market value. "Speech requires definite character and personality rather than beauty, and it's possible that the feminine film favorites of tomorrow won't be as beautiful as those of yore. But they'll be far more positive personalities."

"But," he adds, "I'm old fashioned enough myself to still like 'em pretty as possible."

Hollywood Freedom—Continued from page 43

your best friends, might think, if they didn't say, 'Isn't she conceited?' or 'I don't see much in that!' or 'Yes, but what did they say about me?' but your mother is proud and glad about it.

"Mothers are people who can tell you unpleasant things about yourself without antagonizing you. You wouldn't believe you were too cocky if someone else told you so—but your mother will help you get over it.

"My mother is eager to have me self-reliant and brave. Courage is her watchword and I'm trying to make it mine. This sort of courage: I don't smoke or drink, not because my family object to it but because I have decided it is a poor thing to do. In Hollywood, it takes courage to keep on refusing cocktails and cigarettes when people call you 'sap' and 'gaga.'

"I'm afraid I don't know enough about the wrong kind of family to understand the arguments about leaving home. There are four of us and we're devoted to each other. Freedom, if it meant doing without my father, mother and little brother, would look like a pretty drab thing. You see, I'm really free. I solve my own problems, make my own decisions, and yet if I need or want it I can have all the help I ask.

"We are an all-for-one and one-for-all family. Whatever happens to one of us is good or bad news to the other three.

"My baby brother—well, how do families

get along without babies? When he was coming, my mother told me about it—I was thirteen and I'd spent most of my life begging for a baby brother. Mother and I prepared for him together, bought the little clothes and read the books about how to look after him. When he arrived I was simply overcome with joy. It was funny, he seemed to know I loved him and he wouldn't go to sleep for anyone else. Mother used to say: 'Here, take your baby. He won't take his nap for me.' Wasn't I proud?

"Do I want to go off and live in a bachelor girl apartment and miss all the cute things he says and does?

"The other day some one asked him if he was going into pictures when he grew up. At first he said no, but later he changed his mind. I asked him what made him think anybody would want him.

"'But I'm good,' he assured me, 'see how I look sad, how I can laugh, how I can cry and be mad and be funny!'

"I almost died but I didn't let him see me laugh. I looked across at mother and said I'd seen John Gilbert do a little better. And then he cried out: 'Yes, but wait till you see my sexy look!'

Independence, whether at home or in a bachelor apartment, is always threatened by the male of the species.

"I haven't really been in love yet," admits Anita, "and I hope I shan't fall in

love for at least three years, because I have so much to learn about my work that I'll need to put all my attention on that. I know girls aren't wrecked for life just because they're in love, but it does take a lot of time.

"Still, love seems to be something that happens to people whether they want it to or not, and nothing can be done about it so far as I know. But you needn't go around hunting for it. 'Is this he' every time you meet a man will make you so impatient that at length you'll get so tired of looking you'll take anybody just to see what love is like."

"The thing that gets my goat is these married women leaping after the single men," says Alice. "If I was married and didn't like my husband I'd get a divorce and be honest about it, not barge about taking single men away from single girls."

"There are no clinging vines now. Some women like to pretend they are helpless and dependent because they think men like it. They do, too. Men like to be kidded into thinking they are great. They're awfully vain. They resent a girl with intelligence."

"But I expect I'll marry one of the poor sims — when I get through with my career."

And after that—what price freedom?

Alice Joyce

Continued from page 41

"And who wants you to?" I came back at her. "But must you play old ladies? Do you yearn to be unique like that? Don't you think you might have more fun playing—well, light smart comedy, for instance?"

She looked a little thoughtful. "I've thought of that sometimes," she admitted somewhat shyly. "Yes—I would like to. The sort of thing Florence Vidor played. I—I really do dislike wearing awful clothes, you know—and deliberately making the worst of myself. Sometimes I think it would be very, very nice to step out and pretty up in a picture. But—it just hasn't happened. And there are always these mothers. An endless string of very fine old mothers begging to be played. And they seem to think I can play them. Anyway, they offer them to me. And ever since 'Beau Geste' I've obliged. "And," she added defiantly, lifting her very beautiful and quite determined little chin, "I'm really very fond of them!"

After that, I didn't dare mention mothers. But I couldn't help bemoaning the type system of the movies, that labels an actor, puts him in a pigeon-hole marked 'Heavy,' 'Ingenue,' 'Irish comic,' 'Grandmother,' and keeps him there—well-fed but still hungry.

Alice Joyce has always been in the movies but not of them. She is the one screen celebrity who has held her high position in spite of frequent retirements and thankless rôles. She still remembers the days when she and Mabel Normand and Anna Q. Nilsson worked as artists' models in the New York studios. Anna is still one of her best friends. She is a real movie fan.

Some day some smart Columbus among the newer picture producers is going to glimpse Alice Joyce at a Broadway opening, ask to be presented, and offer her the leading rôle—that of a gay and graceful sophisticated—in his latest epic, "The Mayfair Madcap." And then Alice will have to exchange her shawl for a scepter.

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Clara Bow's Love Story—Continued from page 23

Lyon, George O'Hara, director Victor Fleming, and Garrett Fort, the scenario writer. But despite all their protestations of affection it remained for Harry, of the good old Newark Reichman family, to sing the love song the words and music of which charmed a \$10,000 diamond right on the third finger of her left hand.

Clara's been fandom's pal for what seems like a long time. But Harry needs further introduction to the lads and lassies who pay the film freight. More even than that already vouchsafed him by the red-hot Cinema Cinder.

Way back in 1913 Harry was 'beating a box', as they say, in western cabarets. He must have been an awful pest to the neighbors as a kid. For no one can play a piano a la Richman without fingering those scales a lot of thousands of times. Drifting from this to that, he finally ended up in California, presumably because there is an ocean there that stops further progress unless you're a channel swimmer. It was here and there for Harry. He once played in a stock company distinguished by the presence of Richard Dix. At another time he appeared with Marjorie Rambeau and Willard Mack. Vaudeville brought him back to New York, and left him there.

Harry entered a musical comedy. The funniest thing about it was the title, "Have You Seen Stella?" Harry hadn't. And the show flopped. So he read a flock of success stories about trying again and sticking to it, then went out and got a job as accompanist for—you'll never guess, so I may as well tell you—Mae West. Yep, "Diamond Lil," herself. This seems to have been a turning point in his career. Later he worked with and for the Dolly Sisters and Nora Bayes, and other big numbers. Another crisis came with the advent of radio. He built an enormous following over the ether waves, and was smart enough to capitalize this popularity by night-club work. Shortly he became a sensation. You've heard him, surely, crooning *King For a Day*, *Muddy Waters*, for which he wrote the music, *Will You Remember Me*, of which he wrote the lyrics, *Laugh, Clown, Laugh* and a dozen other hits.

Unlike Clara, Harry has been Through It All once. The 'Flame of Film-dom' has never yet been wed. But Harry tried with Yvonne Stevenson back in 1918—and failed

in 1922. The marriage took place in Santa Ana, California. And, prophetically perhaps, the divorce was granted in dear old Brooklyn.

The cave man stuff won Clara, Harry avers, shaking the slave bracelet she gave him back off his wrist to smooth the waves in his hair. It may be so. But there must be more than that, for the Hollywood lovers are not laid out in lavender.

"She was used to being 'yessed,'" Harry explained to enquiring reporters. "I no-ed her, said what I pleased. The first time I 'phoned asking if I could call, she said I couldn't."

But did that stop him? You don't know Harry. He just answered:

"Fine, I'll be over in ten minutes."

And upon the word of Newark Reichman he declares for publication that he kept his promise. And not only that, but—

Fifteen minutes after his arrival he had persuaded her to marry him!

Clara has the ring. And Harry has the slave bracelet. You can't imagine what it says. Just listen!

"To Harry of my Heart . . . Clarita."

So there you are!

Harry says it's not quite certain, but it's highly probable that when Clara's Paramount contract expires she'll retire from pictures to be 'a good house-wife'. And if you want more news to talk about at breakfast, the date is set as some time prior to September 12. Harry insists that he and the Little Woman sail for an European honeymoon on that date!

It's not so improbable as it sounds. Months back Clara threw a scare into Hollywood by saying she was sick of it all, that she wanted to live like other girls: to get married, and have babies.

"She's needed a boss for a long time," says Harry. "And I am going to be that boss!" Does Clara love it? Well, it looks that way.

Editor's Note: SCREENLAND is not making any rash promises that the Clara Bow-Harry Richman romance will still be flourishing by the time you read this. On the other hand, Clara may become Mrs. Richman any time now. At any rate, as we go to press the romance is the chief topic of conversation along Broadway, N. Y., and Hollywood Blvd., so we thought you'd like to know about it!

A Queen of Kings—Continued from page 71

motion pictures. But we were too absorbed in our new life to pay much heed to mundane matters. Instead of considering the silent screen Carlotta continued to study for an operatic and concert career.

This devotion to her work has been characteristic of Carlotta since I have known her. It is for this application to the task she set for herself that I sincerely admire her. Not that she had no time to spare for friends or for play. A few loyal friends and the right amount of play keep a healthy balance in the artist's life. While we enjoyed the theater and opera together, our real work was never lost sight of. Carlotta gave her working hours to mastering the lieder of Schubert and Schumann, to polishing her French, German and Italian. With all this she cheerfully kept her home cosy and comfortable. No 'home-body' of a

wife wholly devoid of artistic leanings could have made home half as comfortable for me.

It is easy enough to be photographed in one's kitchen or pantry, making biscuits, or helping mother with the lemon pie. With the aid of cleverly contrived pictures you can fool most of the public. But true love of home is inborn, and cannot be affected.

It is difficult to give the public a husband's slant, so to speak, on Carlotta King, because I do not think of myself as a typical husband. We have never settled down in the fullest sense of the term. Perhaps we never shall. We still mill about and continue pals, and criticize each other as we see fit. Incidentally Carlotta King's criticism has helped me to some of my best work. She knows my best efforts from my

worst, and loses no time in telling me. This brings up an outstanding quality in her make-up which has helped put Carlotta where she is. She always knows just what she wants, and is prepared to make her decision upon the moment. Others, like myself, may hesitate and waver between two courses. Carlotta knows she is right and goes ahead.

The way has not been all smooth. Carlotta's voice had to struggle against handicaps, surmount barriers that at times seemed insurmountable. But it survived, perhaps by virtue of her faith in the cause in which she had enlisted.

Her interest in the drama, which she studied after leaving high school, led her to play in Shakespearean productions, such as the all-star presentation of "Julius Caesar" in Hollywood Bowl in 1926. She also essayed the difficult emotional rôle of Mabel Dancy in Galsworthy's "Loyalties." The golden thread of song still illumined the pattern of her life, but her great musical opportunity, the chance to create a rôle of distinction, had not yet come.

In the early fall of 1928 Carlotta was suddenly discovered when Warner Brothers sought a prima donna for their Vitaphone production of "The Desert Song." The screen's first operetta was ready for filming,

but the young woman had not been found whose voice would record as well as her features filmed. A story gained circulation that Carlotta King was discovered on the radio. Nothing could be farther from the truth, for she is not, never has been a radio singer. Carlotta was called to the studio and her test satisfied executives that she was the girl for the part. Thus in her first picture, almost before she had adjusted herself to this new medium, she was cast in a featured rôle, a rôle that every young actress in Hollywood coveted.

It was a splendid opportunity, but remember that it found her ready, and that she worked hard to make good.

Thus on wings of song was Carlotta wafted into cinemaland. A few days after the premiere of her first picture she signed a long-term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. When she was assigned to make "Rose-Marie" for her next picture, she nearly cried. Since she had first heard that operetta sung on Broadway, it had been her dream to re-create the rôle.

I can see Carlotta going on to bigger things, because I know her moods and reactions, and feel sure that opportunity will always find her ready. For the goddess of song is ever good to those of her worshippers who seek her with a whole heart, and unselfishly.

Gloria Hallelujah!—Continued from page 31

it meant. Nor care to learn.

Yet the courage which pierced the mirage of despair which seemed about to crowd her to oblivion, melts to school-girl terror at a seeming trifle.

She can face a lion, but not a mouse. It took all of Gloria's bravery to undergo the trial of attending "The Trespasser" premiere.

Perhaps we wouldn't like it, she thought. The sound device was sure to go wrong. There'd be something the matter with the projection machine. Her songs wouldn't go over. A thousand imps devilled her with three-pronged forks. She couldn't go. She simply wouldn't go. But, of course, when the hour struck she was there, perfectly poised, smiling, triumphant. She had tamed the talkies. She had proven herself a Sultana of Sound, as of Silence. Gloria, Hallelujah! She goes right along marching on!

During her brief rest, the ever-active story brigade in Hollywood kept busy evolving new glamorous entertainments for her to give us. As soon as "Queen Kelly" is restored to her rightful realm, Gloria begins another picture. And the story will fit her as perfectly as that green gown.

"I plan to make three pictures a year," she explained. "Since 1927 I have had only one release besides 'The Trespasser.' I don't think this is enough. If the public is kind enough to support me, to buy my wares, the least I can do is to supply the demand with my work."

A wise decision, surely. And a happy one for us who follow the lights that spell 'Gloria Swanson' on theater marquees.

Today Gloria seems far more youthful than ever. And more attractive, too, admitting that possible. There is a warm—an understanding—a tolerance beneath the fascinating polish of sophistication. She has lost nothing of her personality. But she seems, somehow, to have added to it. She is prismatic. With the rare faculty of arousing enthusiasm in world-weary, disillusioned men through the mere strength

of her presence, her conversation stimulates the veriest dolt to loquaciousness, and the sisterhood of sobbing snobbery is charmed into lingering commentary about her babies, little Gloria and littler Joseph. She's a happy combination, our Marquise of the Movies.

She's democratic. With reservations. You'd scarcely slap Gloria on the back. No more than you'd address the Barrymore as 'Eth.' Yet she is a gracious hostess, superb in the small courtesies that count so greatly. She considered it a great lark to apply in disguise for work as an extra girl. But she has a certain dignity that commands respect. And she resents impertinencies, or too deep delving into the corners of life which she rightfully considers the very private domain of herself—and her loved ones.

And of these there are three. Those two precious youngsters, ever so carefully shielded from the tawdriness of publicity, and the titled gentleman whom Gloria presents as 'my husband.'

Preparing to depart for Paris, she had completed the task of throwing into voluminous trunks 'a few clothes for the ship.' For the instant there was a lull in her busy day. For a too brief moment she was alone in the great suite that towered high in a many-storied hostelry. She parted the drapes at the wide window, and gazed with clouded eyes over the glittering city far beneath her. And beyond the city to the sea that clamored at its shore. And further yet. On and on. Deep into the eyes of the husband who awaited her halfway across the world.

As she tarried there, her slender beauty silhouetted against a square of sullen, grey sky, she ceased to be La Marquise, the glorious Gloria of the screen. She was just a girl—five feet no inches tall. A little weary. A lot lonely.

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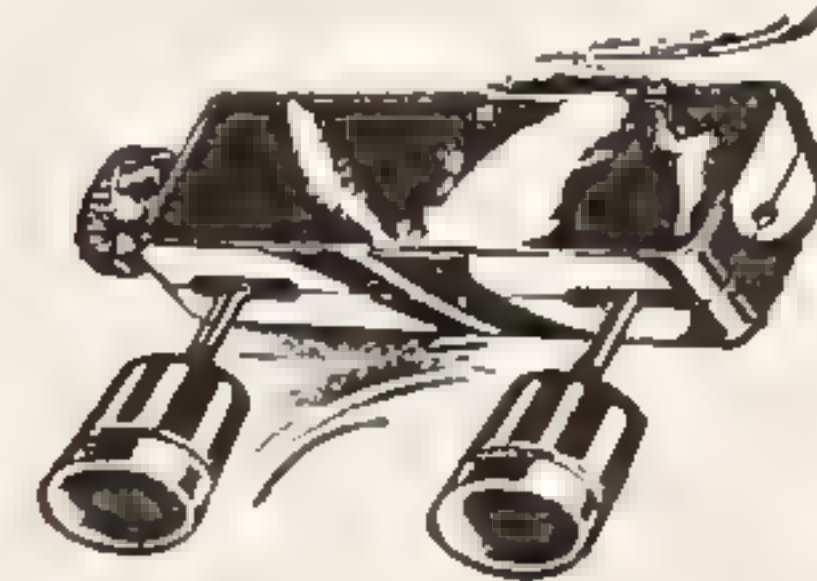


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Continued from page 75

weeks; but then the company decided to make "Escape" at the eastern studio also, so it means at least two more months here for Mr. Brook. He is more enthusiastic, he says over his rôle in "Escape" than any he has ever played.

* * *

It was nice to see Alice Terry again. And she never looked prettier! She was gone such a long time over in Europe I'd quite forgotten how really stunning she is, with her dark reddish hair, big eyes, and wholly endearing smile. Alice is one of the cleverest girls who ever made a picture, you know—she has a bubbling Irish wit and a complete lack of vanity, refreshing to encounter in a successful film actress. She and her husband, Rex Ingram, love the south of France. Ingram has headquarters at a film studio in Nice. He considers the conditions there ideal for making pictures. Alice, however, can't forget America. She has to visit us several times a year, at least, or she grows homesick. The latest picture and first talkie in which she appeared in Europe was called "Broadcasting," for Franco-Films. She and Rex are both under contract to Franco. Alice went off to Hollywood to make a survey of the sound studios to report to her husband. Edward Corniglion-Nolinier, well-known French director, is also 'looking them over' out there.

* * *

Jack Buchanan was in town a day or two before sailing off for his native England, which he left to make one picture for First National-Vitaphone: "Paris," with Irene Bordoni. Buchanan is tall, handsome, immaculate, and awfully British. And quite, quite charming.

"Which do you like better, the screen or the stage?" I asked this matinée idol from London.

"Well," he said, "I should hate awfully to think I should never be on the stage again; and I should hate awfully to think I should never be in a picture again!" And he smiled his nice, English smile, as if that settled everything!

He enjoyed making "Paris" immensely, he said; and declared that he thinks Irene Bordoni will be a sensation on the screen. As for himself—his rôle was too much of a 'straight' part to be exactly the type of thing he most enjoys doing; but he managed to inject some comedy into it—and comedy is what he really likes. He has offers to come back to Hollywood any time to make more pictures. But his contracts in England will prevent his taking advantage of these offers for some time to come. Ziegfeld wants him for a musical comedy with Marilyn Miller. He will soon open his own London theater seating 2,000, in Leicester Square—which was to be called 'The Buchanan' after him until it was decided that this title might confuse people into thinking that every play produced there would star Mr. Buchanan himself. As a matter of fact, he will help produce and write most of the plays, and will appear in a great many of them. A busy man, Jack Buchanan; and a most diplomatic, charming gentleman.

"Is it pronounced MacLaglen, McLoughlin, or McLachlen?" was the first question I popped at Vic as he came into the office.

"All three, and each correct!" he replied. He'd come up to SCREENLAND to pay a friendly call, and immediately seemed to fill up the editorial rooms with his husky presence. He's six feet tall and proportionately broad. You never saw such shoulders! And yet when he sits down to talk to you he wants to tell you all about his nine-year-old son and the athletic records he is breaking at school.

Soldier of fortune, McLaglen had many adventures before he began to stage sham battles for the Hollywood cameras. He was successively a soldier in the Boer war, enlisting at fourteen, champion boxer, medicine show man, prospector, World Warrior, and, finally, motion picture actor. His favorite film is still "What Price Glory?" with "The Cock-Eyed World" a close second. He is anxious to know what you think of this new picture in which Captain Flagg speaks from the screen for the first time—and in what language!

* * *

Everybody at the Paramount Long Island studio was sorry when "The Gay Lady" was completed. Reason: the star, Gertrude Lawrence, had such a good time making the picture that she infected every member of the cast and the crew with her good nature and sportsmanship. When she wasn't doing a scene she'd be singing for the entertainment of the extras on the set. She taught the chorus one of her new songs. And if Gertrude Lawrence isn't a real hit in her first film feature don't ever take my word for anything again, because she looks like a winner to me! She hails from England, you know, and came over to America with the first edition of "Charlotte's Revue," in which she starred with Beatrice Lillie and Jack Buchanan. Miss Lawrence made her screen debut in a Movietone short subject some time ago, and only stage contracts prevented her from following up this first success with other pictures. If "The Gay Lady" goes over as it should, 'Gertie' will doubtless make other movie musical comedies next season, while she is playing on Broadway in "Candlelight." Right now she is back in London playing a short engagement on the stage over there.

* * *

Charles Ruggles scored such a success in his first two talkies, "Gentlemen of the Press" and "The Lady Lies" that he has been signed to a long-term contract by Paramount. No—Charlie won't go to California. He will work in pictures to be made at the eastern sound studios. His home is Setauket, Long Island, about 60 miles from Manhattan. Charlie is a home boy. He always goes home. As soon as he finishes his nightly stint in a Broadway theater he jumps into his roadster and motors those 60 miles to his house in the country, where his wife, 'Ginger,' is waiting for him. Incidentally Charles is the second Ruggles to achieve a measure of fame and fortune in the films. Brother Wesley Ruggles is an esteemed director out Hollywood way.

Sex Appeal Defended—Continued from page 29

that have more of it than Mary Pickford, and actors who have more of it than Al Jolson. The movies must entertain: hence, the players must have a something that spellbinds, charms, seduces, entrances the audience. No amount of skill, learning, education, ability to think, organize or execute will be of any avail to a player unless this last something is added to it. Mrs. Glyn has called it IT. It is not necessarily synonymous with sex-appeal, but usually it is bound up with it.

When do men and beasts, without especial talent for it, become artists, become actors and actresses strutting their stuff? The answer is simple. In the mating season the male bird comes out in full color, puts on an exhibition before the female, and *bursts into song*. And when love descends upon the sons of man, what happens? The lout dolls himself up from head to foot, and learns a whole new set of manners. We say he woos the maiden. And what is this wooing but an attempt at acting—at being charming, gorgeous, irresistible, seductive, delightful, mysterious in order to win over the audience, although the audience happens to be only one. Some lovers try to win with a laugh, others with a tear, still others by heroics. But whatever the method, whatever the technic, it is rooted in the dim backward aeons when the first animal of intelligence set out to woo and win his mate.

To say then that sex-appeal is of minor importance is therefore laughable. Charlie Chaplin may do it in the clown's way but he is making love to his audience just as surely as Clara Bow does it. For the aim of both is that the audience should have affection or love for them, so that the theaters are thronged whenever their works appear. The star, of course, need not be conscious of any sexual emotion when he is acting, but certainly he has that indefinable something that bursts out, more or less, in all of us when we are in love.

It is perfectly true that the direct sex-drama isn't the only kind that enthralls us. The story of mother love, of racketeering, of war and adventure claims us also. But the power of these stories goes back in the end to the actor himself, to the fact that he has that charm, seductiveness, appeal which appears in youth and maiden in the time of love.

More than that. Every wise editor, every wise director will tell you that a story or a picture only rarely succeeds if it lacks love interest. Neither "The Big Parade" nor "The Birth of a Nation" would have had half their pull if they had not also had appealing love stories intertwined with the epic theme.

It's an old question: What is art? But from one angle we can say that it is a blend of the spiritual and the sensuous. It has ideas, plot, story, character—those are on the spiritual side. But there must also be a sensuous side. That is, something which directly reaches the senses. Music comes to the ear—it is sensuous, it is sound. A picture comes to the eye—it is sensuous, it is sight.

Rarely are these two things, the spiritual

and the sensuous, evenly balanced in a work of art. The music of Wagner is more sensuous than spiritual; the music of Beethoven is more spiritual than sensuous. A poem by Shelley is ethereal, almost devoid of the sensuous; jazz music is nothing but. We say of the latter that it is sexy. And there we have struck the root of the matter. All the senses of man are bound up together in an overmastering sense: his sexuality. And hence we can say that a work of art necessarily derives on the one hand from the spiritual in man, but just as necessarily from the sexual.

Sex-appeal not important! It is one of the two chief ingredients in all art. How often it has been said of a young actor or actress of talent: "He lacks something. He has the goods, he has the technic. He lacks that flaming something. He ought to have a love experience. He ought to fall in love. Then it will be awakened in him."

This is merely saying that if he knows love, his sensuous side will come to life; he will become a true actor, however humble. From then on a richness enters his art which before it lacked.

Are these women with sex-appeal sky-rockets? I do not think so. Just as many men and women with small sex-appeal have disappeared from the movies as those with much of it. The childlike charm of Mary Pickford, carefully insulated from anything sexy, disappeared. And what did she have to do then? She had to allow her sex-appeal and appear as a Coquette!

It may be true that Greta Garbo will cease to hold her audiences much longer; though I, for one, doubt it. But if she does lose her hold it will be because her heart isn't any longer in the work, or she becomes too 'Americanized,' in the sense of trying to make herself over, say, in the image of Marion Davies or Esther Ralston, a mistake some of the foreign actors have made. But so long as she holds true to herself, we shall see the strange spectacle of Americans by the millions appreciating a sex-appeal that isn't hammer-and-tongs, like that of Theda Bara or Mae Murray, but something that is subtle, delicate, something that is olives, not prunes.

What is that appeal? It is sometimes merely in the eyelids coming down over the eyes as the head is lifted; sometimes in the rhythm of her walk across a room; sometimes in the fascinating, casual almost cruel look as she watches, for instance, her lover fighting another man for his life. She is not the Prize Beauty Contest type of beauty; she is not made after the usual pattern. One can't point to any arrangement of features, any outline of body, and find out just why she appears so beautiful. It is the flaming something in her. Mr. Seldes says it is her sex-appeal. Well, if it is that, let us have more of it. It merely means that she is a true actress—in one way extremely spiritual, in another extremely sensuous.

Sex-appeal needs no defense. Without it, the seven arts, and what Mr. Seldes so cleverly calls 'the seven lively arts,' would simply cease to exist.

SCREENLAND has started something with this sex appeal debate! This is fast becoming a magazine of controversy. Watch for some discussions in the next issue!

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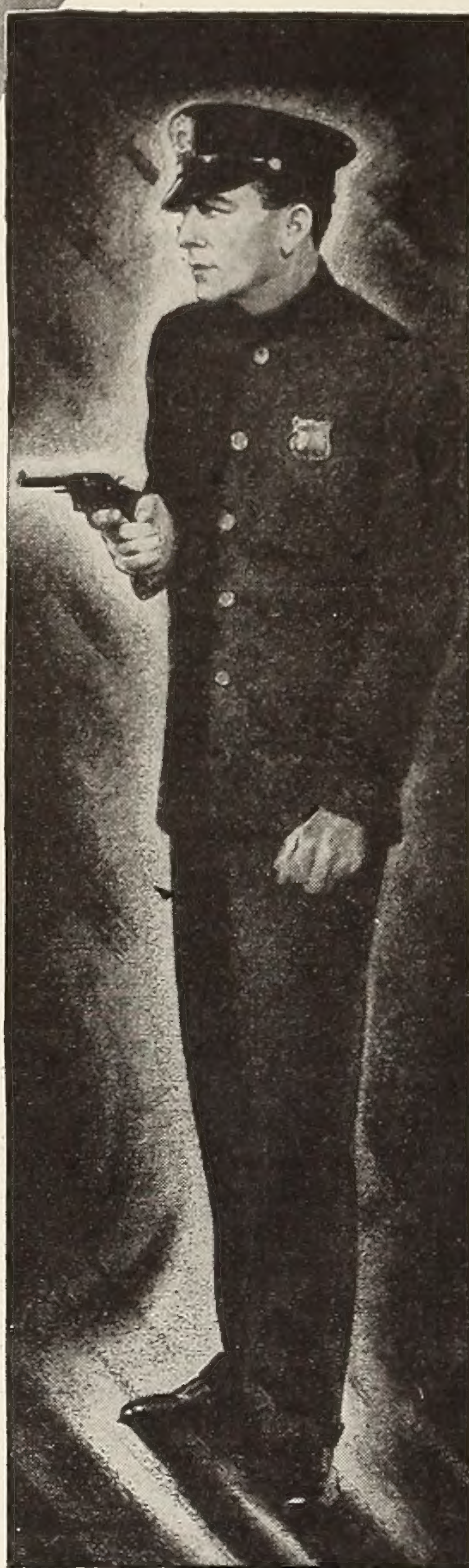
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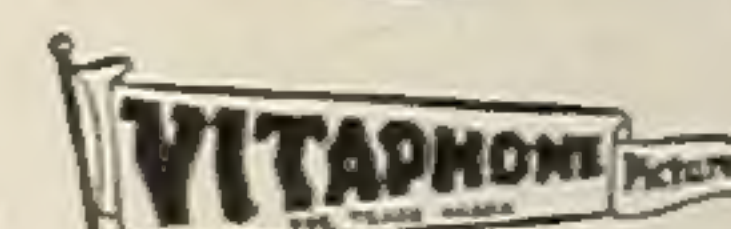
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